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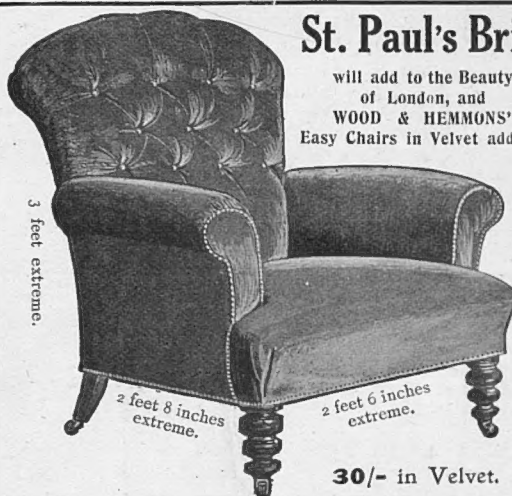
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The Sketch

No. 968.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1911.

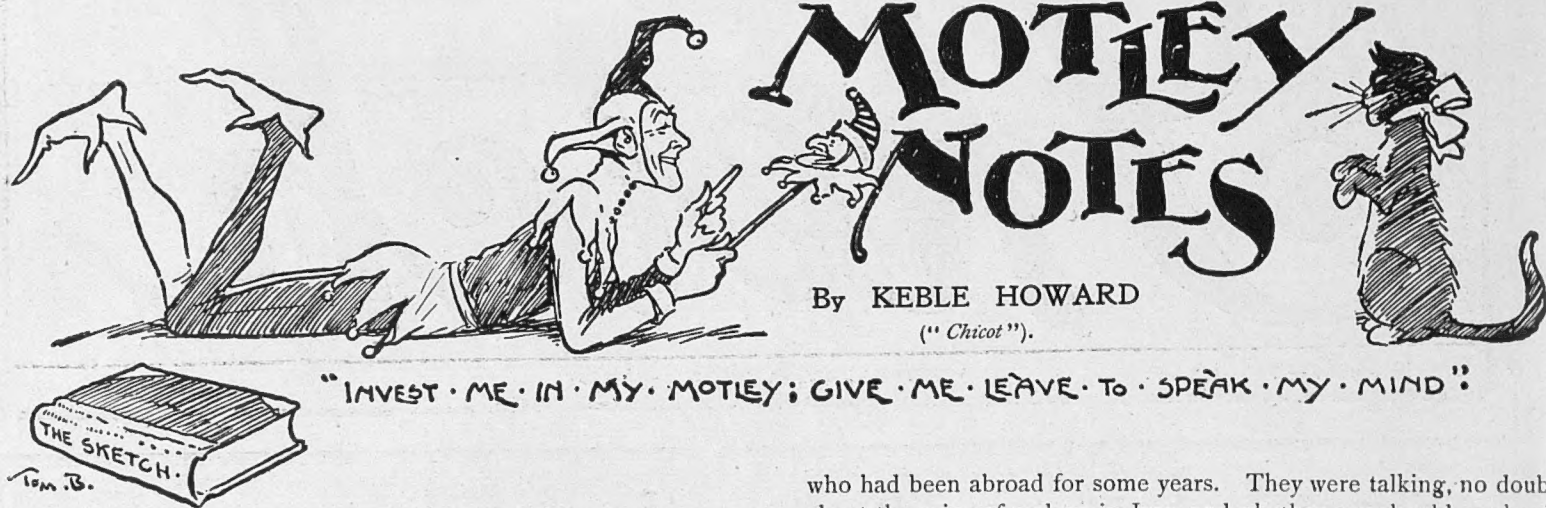
SIXPENCE.



ORIENTALISED CHARM: MRS. F. J. DUBOSC-TAYLOR—A NEW PORTRAIT.

Mrs. Dubosc-Taylor, whose photograph, our readers will recall, does not appear in "The Sketch" for the first time, is the daughter of the late M. Dubosc, of the Château de Prefossé, Normandy, and the wife of the South American millionaire whose father, the late Mr. W. H. Taylor, founded the Jockey Club of Buenos Ayres. Sir Edward J. Poynter's portrait of her caused much interest in this year's Academy. It will be noted that, for the purpose of this photograph, she has "Orientalised" her charms for the time being.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



Awful Disclosures. "A woman of high social position, who has been abroad for some years, and has just finished a round of country-house visits on her return to England."

That, obviously, is the woman to interview on the progression or recession of English society. Interviewed, accordingly, she has been, and the result is sufficiently depressing. The men may be well enough, the women no worse than of old, the youths high-spirited and harmless as ever. But the girls! The girls are practically hopeless!

"At one house-party a girl who was not popular found that her bed had been made as an 'apple-pie,' the sleeves of her night-dress were sewn up, and when she opened the door to go and look for the culprits she was greeted with a volley of soda-water fired from half-a-dozen syphons."

If this sort of news filters through to the lower classes, how can we possibly expect them to respect those by whom they are employed? But worse is to come.

"At another house-party I attended the same kind of thing went on. The girls played senseless practical jokes on other people. Some of the things the girls did were—

- "1. Threw wet sponge at old gentleman.
- "2. Hair-brushes put in people's beds.
- "3. Games of rough-and-tumble touch, in which there were many minor casualties."

The Great Strawberry Scandal. "From other people since I have been back in England," continues the justly horrified lady, "I have heard much the same kind of stories. Such things as shouting, running about, snatching strawberries from men and throwing them in their faces are common."

It is scarcely necessary to point out that that is not the way to behave with the fruit. If there is any reason to suspect the strawberries, they should be conveyed, very carefully, to the coachyard and handed over to one of the grooms to be destroyed. Not to one of the gardeners, of course; that would imply reproach. But is this done nowadays? Far from it.

"One day I was having tea on the lawn, trying to get a little rest." (I expect she had been harried, poor dear, from cellar to garret and back all the morning by those abandoned girls.) "Beside me was a nice, quiet young man eating strawberries-and-cream." (Oh, yes, we are still with the strawberries. Think of the chance for the dear girls!) "Suddenly, as we sat there, a shout was heard, and the swish of rustling skirts." (Aha! Here they come! You might have guessed it.) "'It's poor Georgie!' cried a loud voice." (And poor Georgie it was!) "A girl appeared and snatched the plate of strawberries out of the young man's hand. Not content with this, she commenced to pelt him with the mashy fruit until, his face covered with strawberry-juice, he had to run for cover."

A Fair Conclusion.

"Now, it is my opinion," winds up the lady of high social position, who has been abroad for some years, "that such tricks do not enhance respect from the opposite sex. Men may admire this sort of thing in acquaintances, but they are wiser than to marry the girls who do them." Precisely. Think of poor Georgie, removing the strawberry-stains from his nice quiet face. He had settled down to a thoroughly enjoyable hour of it with the lady of high social position

who had been abroad for some years. They were talking, no doubt, about the price of melons in Java, and whether you should or should not take sifted sugar with your apricots. And then, like a flash, the whole thing is spoilt by these horrid girls, who had promised to go out in the punt and drown themselves. The wickedness of country-house parties has often been hinted, but never explicitly defined. Now, at last, we know the worst.

In Touch with Percy.

PERCY, to whom I wrote an instructive and deeply interesting letter last week on the subject of his costume for the seaside, kindly writes to me as follows:

"I think some of your readers may be glad to have the benefit of my experience in the matter of pressing trousers. Year by year it becomes more and more urgent that trousers should be neatly and carefully pressed. The old method of pressing the side-seams, so that the garments presented a flat surface, so to speak, to the approaching onlooker, is no longer acceptable at the smarter watering-places.

"It is now generally agreed that the trousers should be pressed down the very centre of each leg, thus presenting an edge like a knife to the approaching onlooker. That is all very well, but how is it to be done when one is away from home and far from a trouser-press?

"Let me describe my method. First lay the trousers quite flat upon the floor (as in Fig. 1). Now take any ordinary tape-measure, and find the exact centre of each leg. Along this hitherto invisible line run a light chalk-mark.

"You now have your centre. Next take the trousers from the floor and hang them to a nail on the wall or ceiling. Run the finger and thumb smartly down the chalk-line on either side (as in Fig. 2) when a faint crease will be discernible. Quickly remove the trousers from the nail and place them once again upon the floor, this time, however, sideways. Still preserving the crease, fall with the whole weight of your body upon the trousers (as in Fig. 3), and remain in that position until the morning.

"I think this method, if carefully adopted, will give the greatest satisfaction. Next week I hope to drop you a line about a non-slip sock-suspender upon which I have been at work for some months. Nothing is more disconcerting, after chatting airily and gracefully with a group of ladies for a couple of hours, than to discover that your sock-suspenders are dangling, inert and useless, round the ankles. I feel confident that, in making this assertion, I shall have the support of all those who really have the art of dressing at heart.—Yours affectionately, PERCY."

How Office-Boys are Engaged.

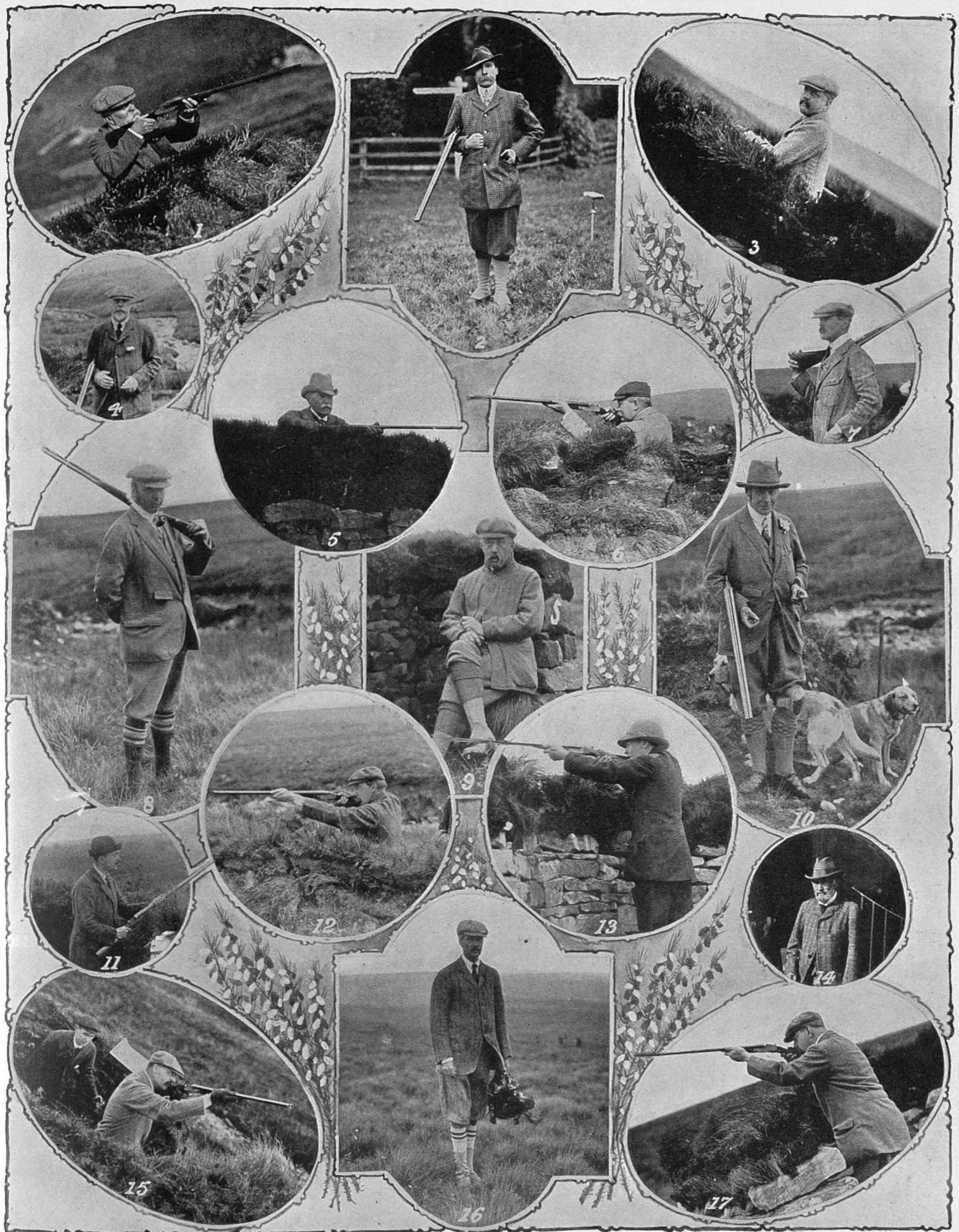
I have often wondered how office-boys were engaged. Dismissing them is simplicity itself, but you want to stand well with your office-boy when you engage him. A gentleman versed in the matter writes of it thus—

"No. 1 boy knocks at my office-door, comes straight up to me as I sit at my desk, leans over my desk, and says in a loud voice close to my face, 'I hear you want an errand-boy.'

"No. 2 knocks gently at the door, and waits outside. I ask him what he wants. He replies: 'I see, Sir, you are advertising for an errand-boy. I am well educated, and I love my parents.'"

Which boy would you engage, friend the reader?

RIGHT - AND - LEFTERS: SOME FAMOUS SHOTS.



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2. LORD SAVILE.
3. LORD JOHN CAVENDISH.
4. HON. J. W. LOWTHER—
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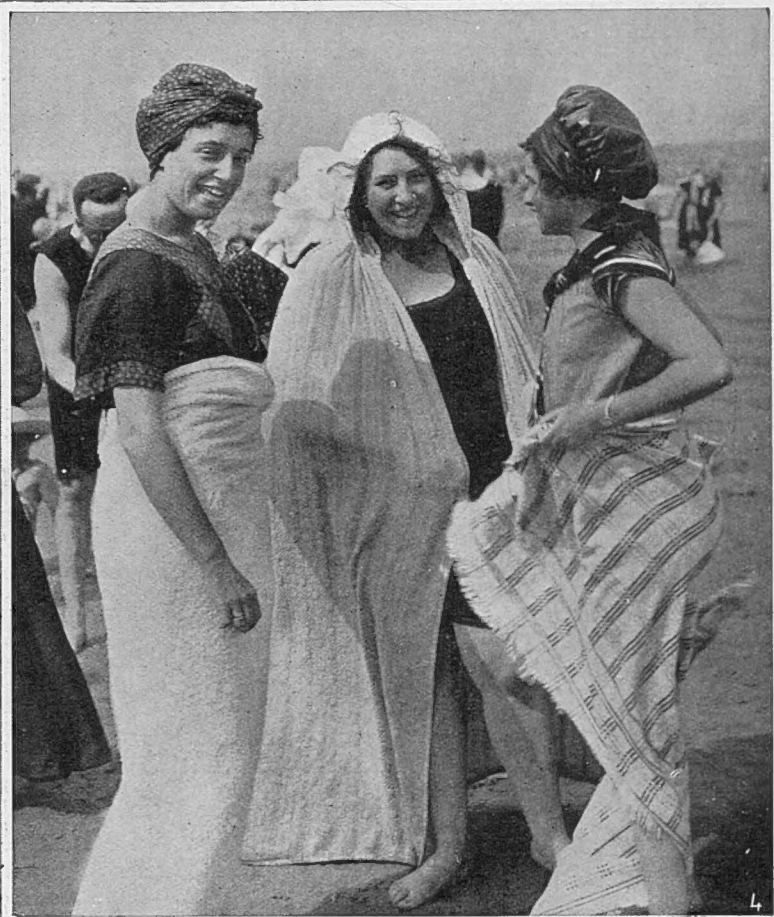
5. LORD FARQUHAR.
6. MR. R. H. RIMINGTON
WILSON.
7. LORD ANNALY.
8. HON. LANCLOT LOWTHER.

9. DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
10. LORD LONSDALE.
11. LORD HERBERT SCOTT.
12. EARL OF MAR AND
KELLIE.

13. MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.
14. DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.
15. LORD DESBOROUGH.
16. HON. H. STONOR.
17. LORD RICHARD CAVENDISH.

The "Twelfth" being still fresh in the memory, many should be interested in these portraits of famous shots, right-and-lefters well known in Society. It is anticipated, by the way, that the grouse-shooting season will be excellent this year, although the drought brought many a fear. The last record year was 1872. According to an article in the "Evening Standard," "The total number of birds for the season reached the stupendous figure of 17,054. In the next twelve years the average annual bag was only 4133 birds. In that great year, 1872, several instances were recorded of bags which exceeded a thousand brace of grouse in one day's shooting. A feat which stands out was Lord Walsingham's record of £42 grouse to his own gun—or rather, guns, for he used two muzzle-loaders and two breech-loaders, employing only twenty drivers . . . Sixteen years later Lord Walsingham repeated his tremendous feat of 1872, by bagging 1070 grouse in one long day . . . this time using breech-loaders and black powder."—[Photographs by Sport and General].

GERMANS GOING TO THE BAD: ON NORDERNEY BEACH.



1. THE SOUVENIR-MAKER: POSING THE FAMILY.

3. BATHERS—AND WRAPS: THREE GRACES.

5. MIXED: A BATHING-HOUR SCENE.

2. AT THE WATER'S EDGE: BATHERS AT NORDERNEY.

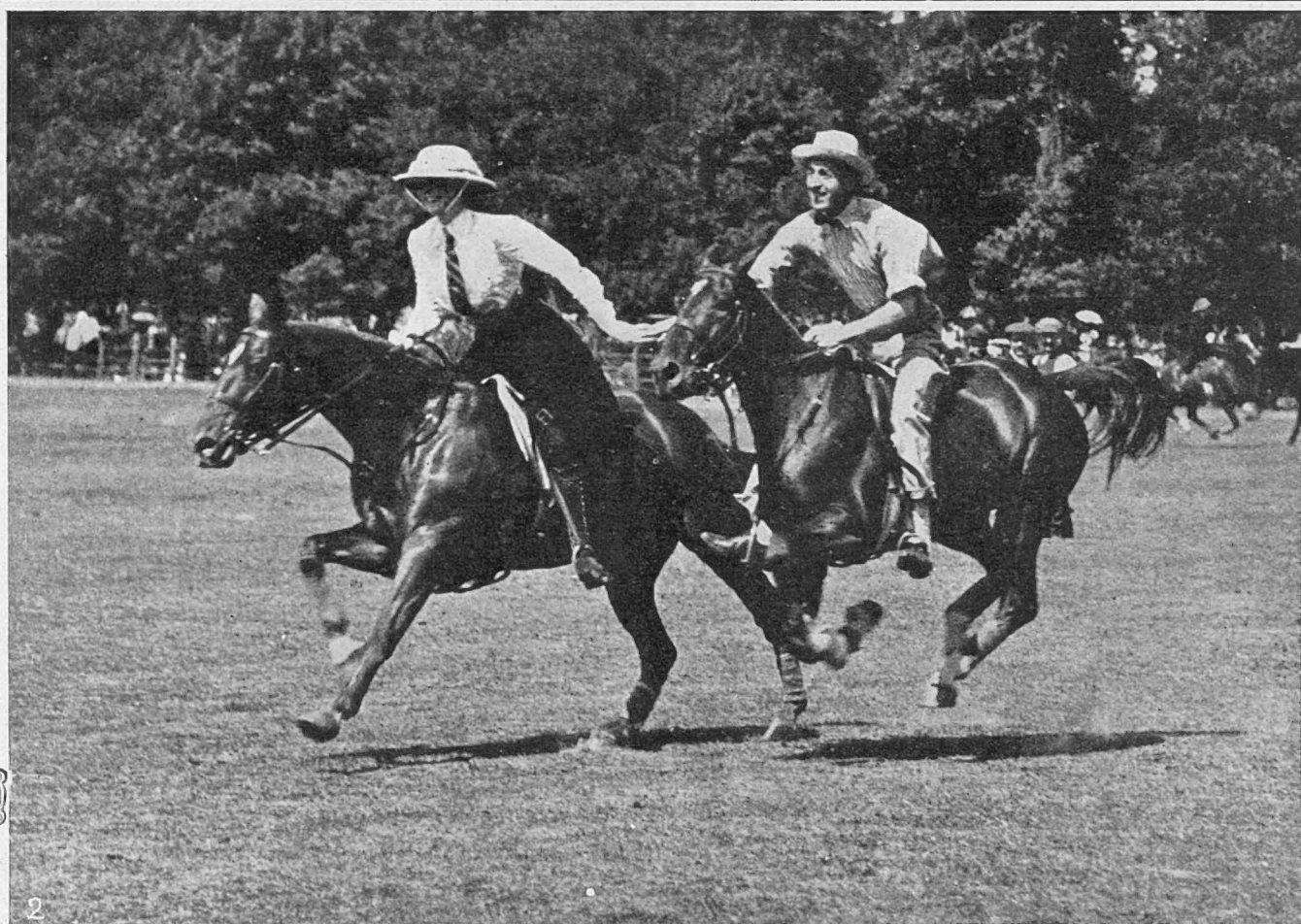
4. CONFRONTED BY THE CAMERA: AGAIN, THREE GRACES.

6. AFTER BATHING: LEAVING THE BEACH.

Norderney is at the west end of the island of Norderney, in the North Sea, on the coast of East Friesland. It is not only a favourite place for sea-bathing, but a winter resort. The island is eight miles long.—[Photographs by Illustrations Eureau.]

LADY MARJORIE'S STOCKINGED FEAT; AND A DUCHESS ASTRIDE.

THE GYMKHANA AT EATON HALL IN HONOUR OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.



1. LADY MARJORIE MANNERS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, RUNNING IN STOCKINGED FEET, HAVING DISCARDED HER SHOES IN A DETERMINATION TO WIN; THE FINISH OF THE DISMOUNTING RACE; THE KING OF SPAIN OFFICIATING AT THE WINNING-POST.

2. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER RIDING ASTRIDE IN THE GRETNA GREEN RACE; HER GRACE, WITH VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, WINNING THE EVENT.

The Gymkhana held at Eaton Hall last week in honour of the King and Queen of Spain was a great success, and there were many guests to congratulate their hostess, the Duchess of Westminster. The Duke, unfortunately, was detained in London by the political crisis. Despite a veritable plague of wasps, of which the Queen of Spain, amongst others, was a victim, thorough enjoyment was the order of the day. Lady Marjorie Manners, who discarded her shoes for greater freedom, won the Dismounting Race, partnered by Viscount Castlereagh. In the Gretna Green Race, the Duchess of Westminster, riding astride, and Lord Castlereagh were the winners.

Photographs by C.N.

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London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

<p>WERNER LAURIE. The Literary Pageant. 1s. With the Lost Legion in New Zealand. Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne. 12s. 6d. net. Off the Main Track. Stanley Portal Hyatt. 12s. 6d. net.</p> <p>HAM-SMITH. A Wife by Purchase. Paul Trent. 1s.</p> <p>T. N. FOULIS. The Keeper's Book. Coronation Edition. P. Jeffrey Mackie. 5s. net.</p> <p>ELLIOT STOCK The Unpitted Strong. O. Solie-Nelham. 6s.</p> <p>GREENING. Lyster o' Mallerstangs. Eric Harrison. 6s.</p> <p>Queen of All Hearts. Eric Clement Scott. 6s.</p> <p>Boom. William Cane. 1s. net. Little Tich. By Little Tich. 1s.</p> <p>DRANE. Gold and the Woman. Alfred Lewis. 6s. In Honour Bound. S. Moore. 6s. The Imperial Ideal. Alice E. Rowe. 1s. Songs of Home and Country. Alice E. Rowe. 1s.</p> <p>PEARSON. Going About the Country With Your Eyes Open. Owen Jones and Marcus Wood- ward. 2s.</p> <p>HEINEMANN. Her Husband's Country. Sybil Spottis- woode. 6s.</p>	<p>LONG. Also Joan. Lilian Arnold. 6s. Royal Opera and Imperial Russian Ballet. H. Saxe Wyndham. 1s. net. Sport and the Woman. Campbell Rae- Brown. 6s. Miss Daffodil. Curtis Yorke. 6s. Gold Coast Palaver. Louis P. Bowley. 2s. Intellectual Marie. Harry Tighe. 6s. Folly's Gate. James Blyth. 6s.</p> <p>THE CENTURY PRESS. The Silent Conquest. Mance Gerard. 6s. The Shadow of a Dwarf. Hope Protheroe. 6s.</p> <p>A. AND C. BLACK Highways and Hedges. Herbert Arthur Morris. 7s. 6d. net.</p> <p>T. C. AND E. C. JACK. History of Painting. Haldane Macfall. Vol. V. 7s. 6d. net.</p> <p>BODLEY HEAD. The Glory of Clementina Wing. William J. Locke. 6s. The Red Lantern. Edith Wherry. 6s.</p> <p>STANLEY PAUL. The Desire of Life. Matilde Serao. 6s. Clive Lorimer's Marriage. E. Everett Green. 6s. Our Guests. St. John Trevor. 6s. The City of Enticement. Dorothea Gerard. 6s. Married When Sued. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. Love-Letters of a Japanese. Edited by G. N. Mortlake. 5s. net.</p>
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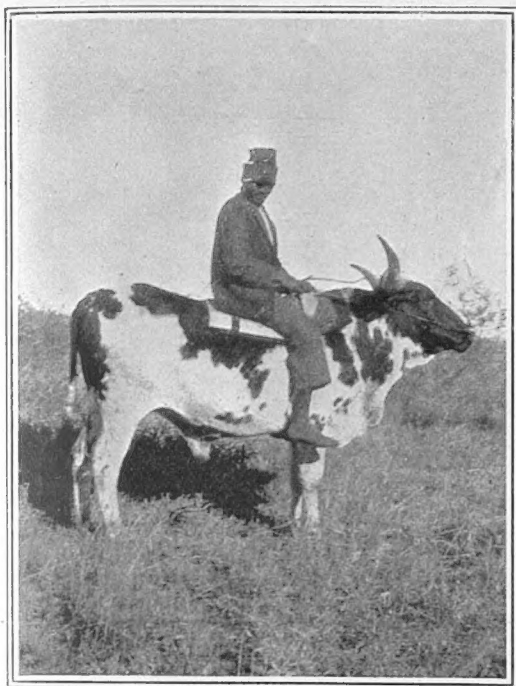


The New Type of German Officer.

In the forty years that have elapsed since the Franco-German War, the French cavalry officers have become excellent horsemen, chiefly by their riding in paper-chases and at *concours hippiques*, and it is now the turn of the German officers to go through a period of transformation in matters athletic. The generation who are contemporaries of the Crown Prince are turning their attention to out-of-door games. It will put out of face some of our critics who continually complain that the British officers spend too much time in cricket and polo and not enough on the barrack-square to find that the Kaiser counsels his officers to spend more time on sports grounds than they at present do. I am bound, however, to add that he does not suggest

the crack cavalry regiments are beginning to play, and in a year or two we may see on an English polo ground the German Crown Prince captaining a team of the Hussar regiment he commands, and read of the Guard Regiments at Potsdam challenging our British Brigade of Guards to play them on their own ground.

Moving from one town to another as I am doing just now in the valleys of the Main and the Rhine, I have noticed a new feature at the stalls where picture-postcards are sold. Amidst the local views and the pictures of simpering girls with baskets of flowers, and caricatures of recruits, and portraits of the Kaiser and Kaiserin and Crown Prince, there are almost sure to be one or two pictures of German men-of-war and scenes of naval life. This new feature of the stalls must either mean that a real interest in the navy is springing up in the interior of Germany, or that the German Navy League has found a new field for its activities.

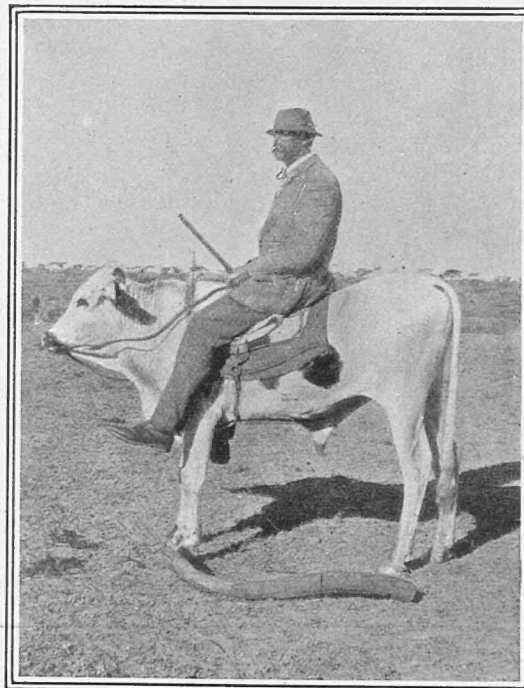


A SADDLE-BULLOCK: A NATIVE RIDING AN OX IN BECHUANALAND.

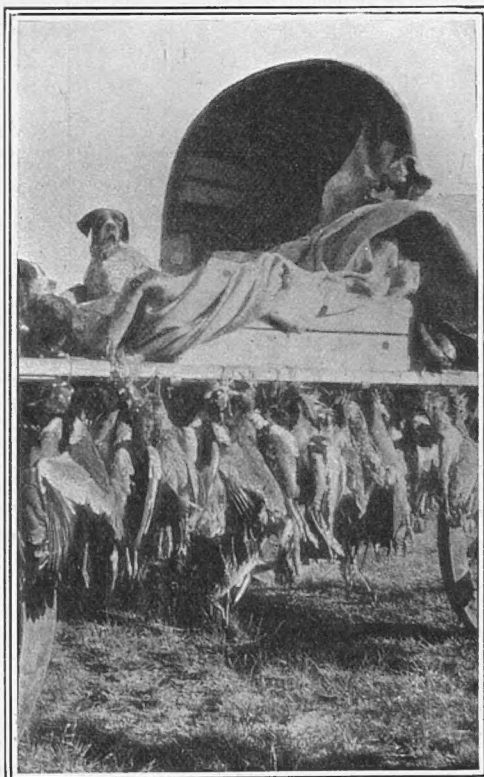
that they should reduce their hours of drill, but hopes that the necessary time will be found by cutting short beer-drinking parliaments. The German Crown Prince is bettering his father's advice by setting an example to the young officers of the German army. He became quite a fair golfer during his Indian trip, for he played on the links in Ceylon and on those in the North-Western Provinces, and whenever he is near a golf course in this country or his own he plays on it. He is a keen lawn-tennis player, and has become almost as enthusiastic a polo-player as is King Alfonso.

A Possible Polo Team of Kings.

It would be a great day for polo if ever a team of kings and heirs to thrones were to take the field, and this is not an impossibility. The Prince of Wales has not as yet shown any leanings towards polo, golf and cricket being his games, but he is a good horseman, and the taste for the great mounted game may come later. He has yet to make a tour of India, where polo is as much the Briton's game as cricket is in England. The young Germans are following the lead of their Crown Prince; the lawn-tennis courts at the various towns of baths, which used to be almost monopolised by Britons and Americans, now see more German than English speaking players, a great proportion of them being officers; and the big towns of Germany are putting polo teams into the field at the polo tournaments at Frankfurt and elsewhere. That is the German way. When the Kaiser wished the Germans to encourage yachting he appealed to his big ports, and from each of them a big yacht sailed. Frankfurt and Bremen have their polo teams now, the officers of



HOW TO GO HUNTING IN BECHUANALAND! A EUROPEAN RIDING A SADDLE-BULLOCK.

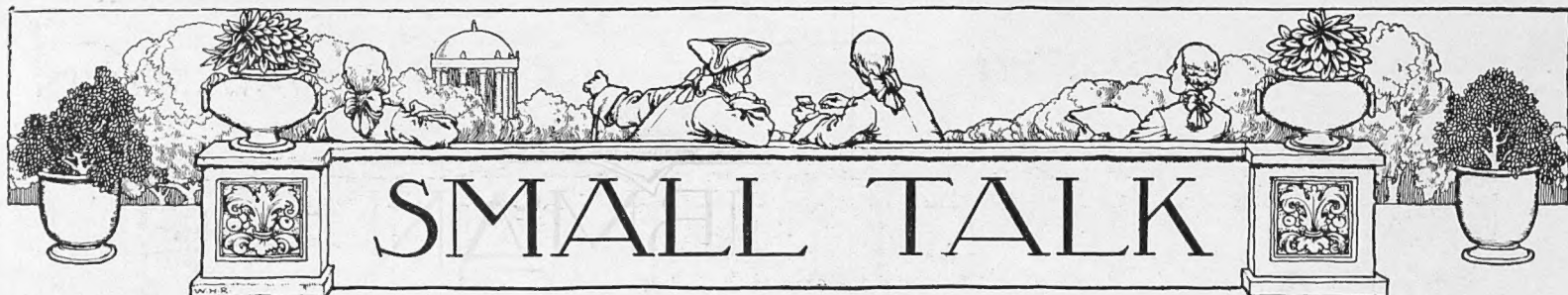


SPORT IN BECHUANALAND: PART OF A BAG OF THREE SPORTSMEN.

The photographs were taken during a recent shooting trip in Bechuanaland. Those of the saddle-bullocks are particularly interesting.

Demoralising the King's English.

In most countries in Europe, German is beginning to oust English as the language of travellers, and when I was last in Portugal I was told that the servants at the hotels learned German in preference to English, as being a language more useful to them. Here in Germany everybody in the towns can talk English sufficiently to be understood, and all the tradespeople and the other people brought much into contact with travellers talk it well. But the English of the Germans is being Americanised. I asked the grave-eyed little *fräulein* who sits at a desk in the waiting-room of the bath establishment of one of the towns in the Rhine Valley when I could have a brine bath. I asked in my best German; but she answered me in what she believed to be my mother-tongue, and said, "Right-away!" At that same town of baths a party of Americans going away were taking leave of the hall-porter of their hotel, and wished him, "Auf wiedersehen." To which he answered, with his deepest bow and most ingratiating smile, "So long!" which he must have taken to be the politest possible form of "Good-bye." There is probably some textbook which is responsible for this demoralisation of the King's English. But none of the queer attempts on our language which I hear in Germany can equal the gibberish an Austrian waiter talked to me last year. Analysing his sentences, I found that if he said "he" he always added, "or she," and qualified "his" by the addition of "or hers."



SMALL TALK



VISCOUNTESS PORTMAN.
Viscountess Portman is entertaining at Sherramore, Inverness-shire.
Photograph by Keturah Collings.

hand, be kept within reach of a Whip's summons. The morning after giving his vote for the censure of the Government, he sailed for Western Canada, where he can do his hedging and ditching without a thought for the political significance of those terms. For the most part their Lordships have been content to go to Scotland, within call. But men with a definite plan to vote or not to vote, and a definite holiday address properly notified at headquarters, give no trouble. Beyond these there is a roving section of the House that only votes if nothing better turns up.

The True-Born Englishman.

"Lord Acton's Nationality Bill" suggested at first sight that a Peer who had never before been at great pains to distinguish himself in the House had at last made a move as one of his country's legislators. The Bill proved no less surprising on closer inspection. That one so obviously English should be compelled to establish his nationality by such cumbersome means may well alarm the aliens who strive against the disadvantage of a foreign aspect and name, and

conceal them as best they may with the aid of English tailors and titles; Lord Acton is English from collar-bone to collar, from the crown of his head and hat to the soles of his feet and shoes. We lay stress upon two aspects of his nationality because he himself is not indifferent to the meaning of clothes. "I know you by the cut of your trousers," was his manner of accosting a



MRS. ARTHUR SASSOON.

Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, whose marriage took place in 1873, was Miss Eugénie Louise Perugia, daughter of the late Achille Perugia, of Trieste. Mr. Arthur Abraham David Sassoon, M.V.O., is the fifth son of the late David Sassoon, of Bombay. His Scottish home is Tulchan Lodge, Advie.

Photograph by H. W. Barnett.

friend in the streets of a foreign city after several years of separation; and his own famous waistcoats run, it is rumoured at

THE Government's difficulty in counting the heads of their supporters and opponents in the Upper House has been very real. If Lord Allendale's example had been commonly followed, it would have been different, but Lord Allendale is an exception. To postpone the festivities in connection with his son's coming of age, so that he might be in his place at Westminster, needed unusual resolution, and the son at least will take the lesson to heart.

The Duke of Sutherland, who holds a larger stake in English land than any of his peers, could not, on the other

GROUSE-SHOOTING HAS BEGUN: FAMOUS HOSTESSES WHO ARE ENTERTAINING IN SCOTLAND.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.
The Duchess of Westminster, it seems scarcely necessary to point out, was Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West. Her marriage took place in 1901. [*Photograph by T. Chidley.*]



MRS. GEORGE COATS.

Before her marriage to Mr. George Coats, Director of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, Ltd., which took place in 1879, Mrs. Coats was known as Miss Margaret Lothian Black. Her husband's places are Belleisle, Ayr; Forest of Glen Tanar, Aboyne; Burton Hall, Melton Mowbray; and 11, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the Hague, into hundreds. "No wonder he loses his birth-certificate, with so many pockets to keep it in," is a wag's wild shot at an explanation of the Bill.

The Club-Closure.

land, it is announced, is in curl-papers; buckets and planks and the decorator's bored man block the passage-ways. All the clubs, one might imagine, are closed. A curious result of this state of things is that the ousted member has, instead of one, the choice of

two or three establishments to drop into. The Cavalry having shut its doors for the whole of August, the Wellington, the Windham, and the Orleans are free to its members. The Union in Trafalgar Square is closed for the same period, but the Oriental and the East India United Service Clubs receive on its behalf. The closing of the Clubs is a partial, not a Party, matter. Pall Mall cannot, it would seem, move on its politicians, or stamp out the discussion of the crisis. The National Liberal goes on for ever.

Lace and Mr. Loeb.

Lord Camoys' engagement to Miss Sherman (announced in these columns seven days before the alert daily Press discovered it) brings the lady into touch not only with St. James's and the Vatican, but with Ireland. Already, perhaps, presents of such lace as

decked Lord Camoys' ancestors, the Carews of Garrivoe, are on their way to the future Lady Camoys; but she is not, for all that, the heroine of the last story of the Custom officers, the sworn enemies of the makers and receivers of such gifts. It was at a New York dinner, and a woman lately returned from Europe talked hotly to her neighbour of the doings of Loeb, chief of Customs officers. Her neighbour proved a good listener, and she became extravagantly fierce. "I think the appropriate death for him would be strangling with Irish lace—and I'd like to contribute some of mine for the purpose," she confided; at which her gentleman laughed heartily. After dinner she asked her hostess the name of the man with a black moustache who had been on her left, "who talked so intelligently about the Custom House." "Of course he did," answered her hostess; "that's Mr. Loeb."



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES.
Mrs. James' husband has taken Glengluich Forest, Inverness-shire.
Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



LADY IDINA BRASSEY.

Lady Idina Brassey was formerly Lady Idina Nevill, and is a daughter of the first Marquess of Abergavenny. Her marriage took place in 1889. Major the Hon. Thomas Allnutt Brassey is the only son of Lord Brassey. From 1890 until 1909 he edited "Brassey's Naval Annual."

Photograph by Thomson.

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED"—SOCIETY ENGAGEMENTS.



1. ENGAGED TO LORD LECONFIELD: MISS VIOLET RAWSON, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL AND LADY BEATRICE RAWSON.

2. ENGAGED TO MISS VIOLET RAWSON: LORD LECONFIELD.

3. ENGAGED TO THE HON. THOMAS VESSEY, YOUNGER BROTHER OF VISCOUNT DE VESSEY: LADY CECILY BROWNE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF KENMARE.

4. REPORTED ENGAGED TO MISS MILDRED SHERMAN, DAUGHTER OF A NEW YORK "FINANCIAL GIANT": LORD CAMOYS.

5. ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT GORMANSTON: MISS EILEEN ALICE BUTLER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER.

6. ENGAGED TO MISS EILEEN ALICE BUTLER: VISCOUNT GORMANSTON.

Lady Cecily Browne, a most popular "Society bridesmaid," who is engaged to Mr. Thomas Vessey, was born in 1888, and is the younger daughter of the Earl of Kenmare. She has two brothers, Viscount Castlerosse and the Hon. Gerald Browne. Mr. Vessey, who was born in 1885, is in the Irish Guards.—Lord Leconfield is the third Baron, was born in 1872, and succeeded in 1901. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and has seen active service in South Africa, where he was wounded. He was recently succeeded in the command of the Sussex Yeomanry by his future father-in-law, Colonel Rawson. Miss Rawson is a debutante of this season. She is a niece of the Earl of Lichfield.—Lord Camoys, who is reported to be engaged to Miss Mildred Sherman, is the fifth Baron. He was born in 1884 and succeeded in 1897. Formerly, he was Hon. Attaché at Madrid. The first Baron de Camoys commanded the English left wing at Agincourt. The Barony was in abeyance from 1426 until 1839. Miss Sherman is a daughter of Mr. William Watts Sherman, a "financial giant" of New York. She is twenty.—Miss Eileen Butler is the younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, and of Lady Butler, of Bansha, co. Tipperary. Viscount Gormanston is the fifteenth holder of the title and the Premier Viscount of Ireland. He sits as Baron of the United Kingdom. He was born in 1879 and succeeded in 1907.

Photographs of No. 1 by Russell and Sons; 2, Kevis; 3, Val l'Estrange; 4, Lafayette; 5 and 6, Lafayette, Dublin.



BY WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



IN his character of M. Beaumont, Lieutenant Conneau has received many offers of marriage from ladies who have never even spoken to him. Women are strange creatures. At least two ladies are said to have broken off their engagements because their lovers insist on flying, and now here are several dozen who want to marry M. Beaumont because he does.

But listen to what M. Beaumont says: "Just as you English love your sweethearts, I love my aeroplane." M. Beaumont is still considerably in the air. It has always been considered that the collection of sweethearts was a distinctly French characteristic.

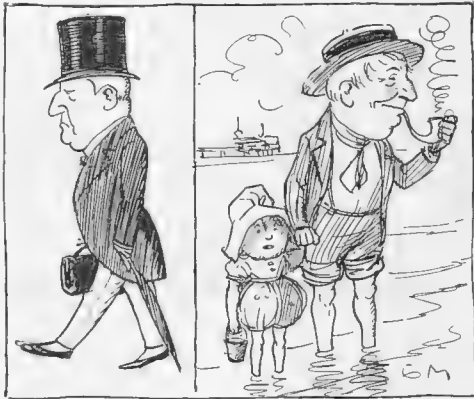
Meanwhile, a gun for destroying aeroplanes and air-ships has been perfected by the War Department of the United States. That is always the way. No sooner do we get a new toy than somebody tries to smash it.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

(The business-man at the seaside is a very different-looking individual from the staid frequenter of the City.)

He catches every day at nine
The through suburban
train;
His boots like burnished
metal shine,
His hat's without a stain.
His clothes are brushed
with tender care,
No spot or crease is found,
And tatcho glistens in his
hair,
Because he's office bound.

But here, beside the eternal sea,
No longer spick and span,
With trousers tucked above his knee,
He's quite another man.



He wears the agedest of straws,
His clothes are soaked with spray,
His hair is full of sand, because
He's on his holiday.

You will never guess why the bold, bad villain of the melodrama and the novelette is a dark man with a heavy black moustache. It is this way. The fair girl is the most popular with men, and has the best chance of marrying, as we noticed last week. But the fair girl prefers dark men, and therefore the sandy-haired men have for a century revenged themselves by making the villains sallow-complexioned and black-haired.

For it is a well-known fact that all melodramas and novelettes are written by men with sandy hair or *pukka* carrots. And if they are not, then a very beautiful theory put forward by the *Daily Mirror* falls to the ground. And that would be a pity.

At last a horrible mystery has been cleared up. Darwin told us that we were descended from apes, but never told us what sort of apes. Professor Klaatsch now lays it down authoritatively that we are descended from a gorilla. This is frightfully thrilling, but, strangely enough, the majority of men don't care Adam.

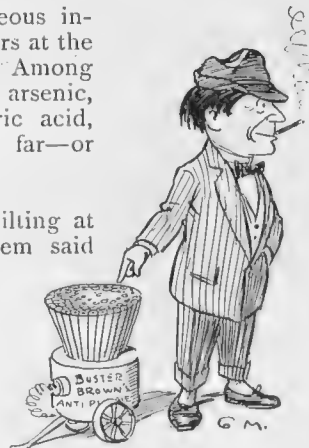
According to the *Evening News*, a Richmond jeweller is advertising peers' coronets at from £1 upwards. That removes the last conscientious scruples we may have had against joining the new order of ignoble lords.



There is always some fine miscellaneous information to be picked up from the speakers at the British Medical Association Conference. Among the ingredients of lollypops and sweets are arsenic, salts-of-zinc, and picric acid. Well, picric acid, at all events, ought to make a boy go far—or some of him.

But these modern doctors are always tilting at some time-honoured belief. One of them said at the Conference that he thought hard meat more efficacious than a toothbrush for improving the teeth. We shall have the butchers seizing on this and making it an excuse for sending in tough joints.

There is a great deal in a name, after all. At the same meeting Dr. Erskine Young, of Liverpool, told a story of a little ragged girl who cleaned her teeth with salt and soot. "What better dentifrice could there be," said the good doctor, "than sodium chloride and charcoal?" Anyhow, it sounds a great deal better than salt and soot.



British spas possess the same curative properties, we are told, as those of Germany, France, and Austria. That is all very fine; but if you go to an English spa you look as if you were merely ill, while if you go to a foreign watering-place you may perhaps pass for a millionaire.

See what comes of messing about with the North Pole. The shade temperature in the Arctic Circle recently registered 93 degrees. The poor old Pole has been drooping like a melting candle this summer, and has been telegraphing to Dr. Cook for a lump or two of ice.

On the burning question, "Are English boys well-mannered?" a railway official at a great terminus has made this startling pronouncement: "The politeness of the French youth is sometimes embarrassing. He is invariably courteous and considerate." To one accustomed to have much dealings with porters this sort of thing must indeed be confusing.

According to Judge Smyly, at Shoreditch, a lady's dress should not be so tight that it will burst. A Society for the Promotion of Temperance in Dress seems to be clearly indicated.

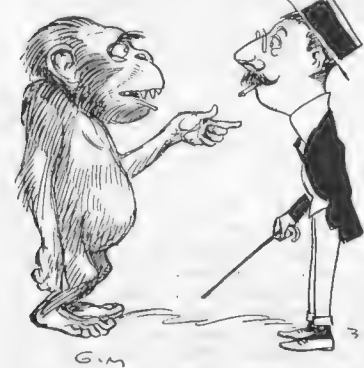
TO MUZAFFER-ED-DIN.

(The ex-Shah of Persia has left his comfortable retreat in Russia, and has made an attempt to recover his most uncomfortable throne.)

Shah, or ex-Shah, whichever you may be,
There's something lacking, as it seems to me,
In your philosophy, which takes no heed
Of Omar's veil, through which you may not see.
Why do you covet that uneasy throne?
You are well rid of that which was your own;
Stick to the Cash and let the Credit go;
No more mistake the Shadow for the Bone.

You had your little Shade beneath the Bough,
Your Jug of Wine, your Loaf of Bread, your Thou,
All guaranteed for life by Russia's Tsar,
And surely that were Paradise enow.

Foolish ex-potentate with crack-jaw names,
Look up your Omar; notice how he blames
The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon;
Take his advice, and drop your empty claims.



WAITING FOR HOURS TO TAKE A $\frac{1}{1000}$ TH OF A SECOND PICTURE.

CLEAN BOWLED AND CLEAN "SNAPPED": HOW DRAMATIC "CRICKET INCIDENTS" ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.



1. TEDIOUS WORK, FOR THE CAREER OF EVERY BALL MUST BE WATCHED LEST SALEABLE INCIDENTS BE MISSED: THE CRICKET PHOTOGRAPHER AWAITING THE MOMENT OF THE MATCH, HIS CAMERA READY.

3. A DIRECT PRINT FROM THE NEGATIVE: THE RESULT OF THE CRICKET PHOTOGRAPHER'S PATIENCE — AN INCIDENT SNAPPED.

2. THE DETAILS OF THE PLAY REFLECTED ON THE SCREEN OF THE CAMERA: A CRICKET MATCH AS THE WATCHFUL CRICKET PHOTOGRAPHER SEES IT.

4. THE SNAPPER AND THE SNAPPED: THE CRICKET PHOTOGRAPHER AND HIS CAMERA — TO SHOW THEIR POSITION WITH REGARD TO THE PLAYERS.

The photographer whose business it is, amongst other things, to take photographs at cricket matches must be not only skilled, but patient: he may have to wait hours for an incident which is worth snapshotting—give hours, that is to say, for a picture taken in a thousandth part of a second. Yet he is wise in thus devoting so much time to a single photograph: only the incident will sell. In the case of an operator working in the manner illustrated, the photographs are taken with a reflex camera fitted with a special lens. The image, in this make of camera, is reflected on to a screen, and the operator is able to see the picture up to the moment of exposure. The long-focus lens makes the figures considerably larger than they would appear if the ordinary lens were fitted for the size of plate used— $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On the negative the figures are comparatively small, and that portion of the picture required is enlarged by means of an electric enlarging apparatus in the usual way. While taking cricket photographs the operator has to watch each ball bowled, with the camera in position and the shutter ready to be released, as it is impossible to tell, of course, when incidents such as those shown above are going to happen. The photographs are taken in about a thousandth part of a second. We publish these photographs in response to many questions from readers as to how dramatic incidents, such as those of which we have published many examples in this paper, are snapped.—[Photographs by Central News.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Distractions in the Theatres.

There is an eighteenth-century French print which represents a naked man holding a huge pair of scissors in his hand and gazing with a distracted air at many bales of cloth lying round him. The legend to the picture states that it shows the condition of the Englishman unable to make up his mind how to cut his cloth to make himself a suit of clothes, because the changes of fashion were so swift that he was afraid of being out of date before he could make his garments. One might almost think that this queer print indicates the position of our entertainment-mongers, fashions in entertainments have been changing so often and so much lately. Apparently, French drama is out of vogue, for during the past season the regular theatres have seen nothing of the Parisian players who used to visit us nearly every year. Bernhardt and Réjane have honoured the halls in London, but, of course, would have preferred the orthodox theatres. Ordinary

plays have failed in a way surprising except to the closely-observant; on the other hand, whole masses of strange novelties appear to have "caught on." The success of the opera season has belonged to the Russian dancers, about whom there has been such a mania that every goose with an unpronounceable name has been called a swan; and frantic journalists have worn out their Roget, and Crabbe's "Dictionary of Synonyms" in their efforts to find new adjectives with which to express the praise which they deem it their duty to lavish on the foreigners. "Sumurun" had an astounding run; two other picture plays have been triumphant. Glancing for one moment at the future, we learn that the great events of the winter are to be two enormous spectacular productions. Meanwhile, one may humbly ask, where is the drama?

Are all these matters really signs of the times? Do the enthusiastic people who gave a well-deserved dinner to Mr. Gordon Craig believe that the coming drama is to be a drama primarily of the eye? If so, the gloomy prophecies about the cinematograph will be realised; and since, sooner or later, vivid pictures will be easily conveyed by electricity, we shall sit at home in comfort, watching through an eyepiece performances of "Hamlet" without the words, and mimo-dramas that have never been written down on paper. My own view is, however, that all these matters are simply indicative of mere restlessness and reaction against a mechanical form of drama that has reached its full possible development, and therefore is dying away. The theatres will not be converted into cinematograph-halls; the dramatists need not throw away their pens or sell their typewriters. The real theatre of the future is close upon us; it will be in two widely differing forms. The so-called "intellectual" drama is coming along gaily, and so, too, the poetical, but its method of

presentation is going to be changed radically. Concerning the former, there is little need for me to write at present; but perhaps I ought to say something about the word "intellectual," generally employed as a term of reproach in the playhouses.

The Intellectual Drama.

Most people mean about the same thing when they use the phrase "the Intellectual Drama" and intend to designate the kind of play which exhibits a revolt against the dexterously told stories, generally sentimental, that have constituted the bulk of British drama for many years past, and have always been profoundly untrue in their psychology, barren in their philosophy, and, as a rule, curiously immoral without knowing it; and have stood outside life without any desire to criticise it. The new drama, chaotic in form, according to the views of our fathers, impatient of accepted conventions, anxious to probe

life, to exhibit life, and to criticise life, and hostile to accepted moralities, will not enjoy the lucrative long-run triumphs of the well-made play; and will, indeed, only hold the stage by bringing in a new form of economics in management.

The Poetical Drama.

The poetical drama, yielding to economic pressure, and also because there are new vital theories in the air, will show a revolt against the realism so queerly associated with it on the stage



"A ROYAL DIVORCE": NAPOLEON ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The late W. G. Wills' drama, "A Royal Divorce," which is now being given at the Lyceum with excellent box-office results, was first produced at the Avenue, Sunderland, on May 1, 1891, and was seen in London for the first time on Sept. 10 of the same year, with Mr. Murray Carson as Napoleon. For the present production, Mr. Frank Lister is the Little Corporal; while Miss Edyth Olive plays Marie Louise, and Miss Ethel Warwick, the Empress Josephine.

in our times. Change will be gradual, but it is already becoming evident. In fact, history once more is repeating itself. An Englishman, Gordon Craig, was the prophet, the anti-realist, and, being rejected here, went abroad, and was warmly welcomed. Through a great part of Europe his work has made its way directly or indirectly, and much that London has seen this year with gaping admiration is the outcome of his labours unacknowledged and sometimes misunderstood. Soon, no doubt, he will be discovered in the States, and American "Craig" productions will come over here, though his name will not be mentioned. Soon too, perhaps, we shall see him at work in London, or some theatre, carrying out his ideas as to presenting on the stage the souls of dramas, unless, indeed, someone founds the school that he desires—that school in which experiments are to be made with the different aspects of his theories to see what will emerge in the form of the poetical drama of the future. I wonder whether the millionaire will present himself with the necessary money and the chance of repayment in the form of immortality! If not, we shall stagger along, but something will be done, for the time is ripe and all the materials exist, and the public is getting tired of its old gods and willing to welcome new; it is even quite likely that for once the British public will put its money on the right gods.

Signs of the Times.

Do the enthusiastic people who gave a well-deserved dinner to Mr. Gordon Craig believe that the coming drama is to be a drama primarily of the eye? If so, the gloomy prophecies about the cinematograph will be realised; and since, sooner or later, vivid pictures will be easily conveyed by electricity, we shall sit at home in comfort, watching through an eyepiece performances of "Hamlet" without the words, and mimo-dramas that have never been written down on paper. My own view is, however, that all these matters are simply indicative of mere restlessness and reaction against a mechanical form of drama that has reached its full possible development, and therefore is dying away. The theatres will not be converted into cinematograph-halls; the dramatists need not throw away their pens or sell their typewriters. The real theatre of the future is close upon us; it will be in two widely differing forms. The so-called "intellectual" drama is coming along gaily, and so, too, the poetical, but its method of

MIND WORK? NOT IN THESE — !

FLANNELLED HOUSEMAIDS AND SECRETARIES: AN IDEA FROM THE STATES.



1. ACCORDING TO DR. MAUD GLASGOW: THE FLANNELLED LADY CLERK OF THE FUTURE.

3. EARLY MORNING HOUSEWORK.

5. MAKING A CLEAN SWEEP OF IT.

2. AGAIN ACCORDING TO DR. GLASGOW: THE FLANNELLED LADY SECRETARY OF THE FUTURE.

4. RETURNING FROM THE POULTRY-YARD.

6. FLANNELLED—BUT BY NO MEANS A FOOL.

Dr. Maud Glasgow is of opinion that flannels form the ideal costume for the lady clerk or lady secretary, for the housemaid, and, indeed for the mistress of the house engaged on domestic duties. She is also of opinion that there will be found those not only willing, but eager, to wear the garb, especially during the trying heat-waves. The flannel trousers are, she argues, far more modest than the skirt and infinitely more practical. But—what will Mrs. Grundy say in her house at break of day?

Photographs by Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

GROUSE, like vintages, have their years. Ever since 1872 sportsmen have striven in vain to break a record bag of 17,050. This year the birds and keepers at Studley Royal have been in high feather, and with King George and Lord Ripon, two of the best shots in the country, and other famous guns in good fettle, great things were expected.



MISS VIOLET CONSTANCE BROOME, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. BERTRAM TUFF WAS FIXED FOR THE 14TH.

Miss Broome is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Broome, of Winterbourne, Weybridge. Mr. Tuff is the second son of Mr. Charles Tuff, of Westfield Singlewell, Gravesend.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

ing, has declared that he will be consoled for the blackest of Mr. Asquith's deeds if he can bring down as many birds as there are Peers created in a single day. "I'd like to shoot 'em all myself, too," he adds, with a touch of ambiguity.

Moy Moors and Men.

It tells of his payment of his cabby, of a dispute, and of his exasperated declaration of his identity.



ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF FINGALL; LADY MARY ELIZABETH PLUNKETT.

Lady Mary, who was born in 1892, has one sister, Lady Henrietta Maria, who was born in 1894, and two brothers, Lord Killeen and the Hon. Gerald William Desmond Plunkett. Her father is not only the eleventh Earl of an early seventeenth-century creation, but a Baron of the United Kingdom.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

King George's visit there is sandwiched between one to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey and another at Tullychan Lodge to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, it is not at Moy Hall that he will lack his regal fare.

The Duke of Devonshire, also, receives his Majesty with the confidence of a host who has good sport to offer, and by the end of the month, after shooting on the Moy moors and on those belonging to the Dowager Countess of Seafield at Castle Grant, the King will have shown that his eye and hand are not troubled by the trials of one of the greatest political crises of modern times. One Peer, who finds his chief pleasure in life on his own comparatively humble shooting, has declared that he will be consoled for the blackest of Mr. Asquith's deeds if he can bring down as many birds as there are Peers created in a single day. "I'd like to shoot 'em all myself, too," he adds, with a touch of ambiguity.



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY OTHO NICHOLSON SHAW; MISS PHYLLIS BLANCHE MOFFAT.

Miss Moffat is the youngest daughter of Mr. Harold Charles Moffat and Mrs. Moffat, of Goodrich Court, Ross, Herefordshire. Mr. Nicholson Shaw is the eldest son of the late Mr. William Otho Nicholson Shaw, and of Mrs. Shaw, of Skreens Park, Roxwell, Chelmsford, Essex.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WIFE OF A FAMOUS JOURNALIST AND NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR; LADY NORTHCLEFFE.

The wedding of Miss Mary Elizabeth Milner, daughter of Mr. Robert Milner, of Kidlington, Oxon, and St. Vincent, West Indies, and Mr. Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, took place in 1888. In 1904 Mr. Harmsworth became a baronet, and in the following year he was created a Baron of the United Kingdom, under the title Baron Northcliffe, of the Isle of Thanet, Kent. As all the world knows, Lord Northcliffe is a director of that most flourishing company the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., and principal proprietor of the "Daily Mail," "Evening News," "Daily Mirror," "Answers," and many other publications. —A photograph by Lallie Charles.

"The Newcomes." As Lord Newton remarked, a considerable number of comparative strangers have been spied in the House of Lords during the last week or two. On Tuesday, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Ribblesdale took their seats for the first time in this Parliament; Lord Ashton, too, took the oath and hurried to his place as if to do so had been the routine of his season, while the Duke of Leeds, Lord Braybrooke, and the Marquess of Anglesey were among the newcomers. Lord Aberconway and other recently created Peers have been diligent in attendance. But what of Lord Knollys, who has gone from St. James's Palace, not to St. Stephen's, but to Deeside? Would he, if he could, vote, and which way? To go straight from the side and confidence of his royal master to the assistance of one party or another would be, it is thought, unwise. Lord Acton, in voting in the Liberal interest while acting as Lord-in-Waiting on his Majesty, was, of course, doing only what was strictly expected of him.



MISS MARY E. M. CARLETON COWPER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. CHRISTOPHER M. PARKER IS FIXED FOR TO-DAY (16TH).

Miss Carleton Cowper is the only daughter of the late Mr. F. Carleton Cowper, of Carleton Hall, Penrith. Mr. Parker is the only son of Mr. C. J. Parker, of The Laithes, Penrith.

Photograph by Swaine.

On Common Ground.

The warmest night of the year was one of the most crowded in the House of Lords. While members mopped their brows and fanned themselves with the order-papers below, the Peeresses' Gallery was fuller, hotter, and yet more energetic in its efforts to keep cool. Lady Crewe and Lady Lansdowne, Lady Halsbury and Lady Hindlip listened, among dozens of others, to the speeches of their lords. Lady Lovat, more intimately instructed in the crisis than most of her neighbours, listened with a smile to the public pronouncement of the Halsbury policy planned in Lord Lovat's drawing-room in Grosvenor Gardens. Even the ignoble Ladies' Gallery in the Commons has attracted a crowd of noble ladies. Lady Salisbury and Mrs. Asquith were for once at close quarters. The wonderful blandness of Winston's smile and his joyful zest for battle are the things that seem to give most pleasure behind the grille.



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLARD D. STRAIGHT; MISS DOROTHY P. WHITNEY.

Miss Whitney, who is engaged to Mr. W. D. Straight, a member of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Service, is the daughter of the late Mr. W. C. Whitney, at one time Secretary of the United States Navy, and sister of Mr. Henry Payne Whitney.

Photograph by Keturah Collins.

FAIVRE ON A FOIBLE OF THE "FAIR."



THE "DAMSEL" (to the professor of swimming): One moment, please, while I put on just a touch of powder.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.

"UNITED WE STAND ; DIVIDED WE STAND IT BETTER."

THE REVERSE OF GRETNIA GREEN : "RENO AND THE RUSH FOR DIVORCE."

IN common with most of the world which reads newspapers, I had heard of the "colony." I had even perused that department in the *Reno Weekly* which is headed "Happenings in the Colony—United We Stand, Divided We Stand it Better," and was prepared for various things, but not for the quiet little scene then being played



NEAR THE "ROMANCE ROOM": At "THE DELMONICO'S OF RENO."

"The Delmonico's of Reno" consists of a middle section with two rows of tables, a lunch-counter to the right, where you may take your bacon-and-eggs from a stool . . . and a sort of large alcove to the left, known in the bright lexicon of the local correspondents as the "Romance Room."

DRAWN BY W. J. ENRIGHT.

pen, and it was all over. From this young woman and this little survival of a golden age on which the dust of social tradition had not settled as yet, it is quite a jump to the "colony," the more familiar type of divorcée (in graceful tribute to the efficiency of Nevada procedure, a plaintiff is known as a divorcée as soon as she arrives in Reno), and the despatches sent to Eastern papers. Not for her those apartment-houses, hotels, and shops; not for her do avid landladies double their rent. In the sense that these litigants are segregated into a sort of Igorrote village, of course there is no "colony." All sorts of restless and unhappy people—mostly women—come to Reno for divorces, and they live in their various ways. Some are waitresses in restaurants; some live quietly in their own rented houses, and some rock back and forth on the hotel porches and go riding in their lawyers' automobiles. But here they are, probably three hundred of them.

Reno's present popularity as a sort of reverse Gretna Green is a matter of very recent years—since the Dakotas raised their residence requirements. A well-known actor, a millionaire or two, availed themselves of Nevada's advantages. Lawyers, coached in the latest "modern methods," including that of advertising in the newspapers, hastened westward; picturesque



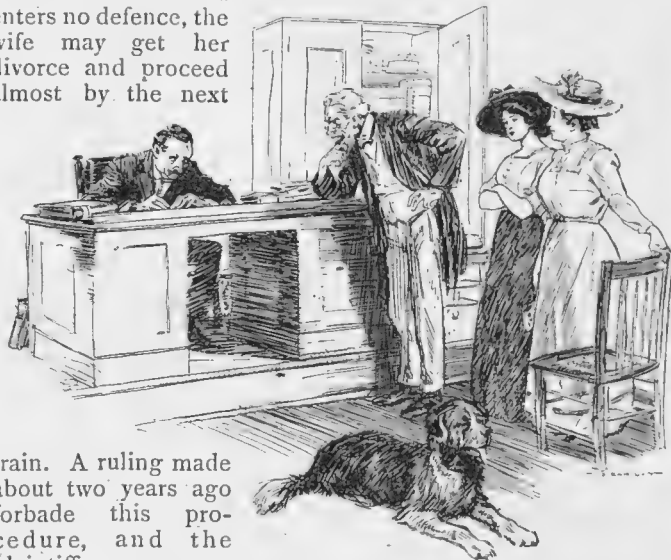
THE DINNER HOUR AT RENO: "SAILING IN, IN A CURIOUS PSEUDO-GIRLISH CAMARADERIE."

"As we were at dinner, our first evening in Reno, at the Riverside—which resembled a summer hotel whose summer girls were all about ten years older than they usually are—they would come sailing into the dining-room in twos and threes . . . in a curious pseudo-girlish camaraderie."

DRAWN BY W. J. ENRIGHT.

despatches began to appear in Eastern newspapers, and Reno's reputation—to which, it is only fair to say, the more conservative citizens of this most agreeable little city decidedly object—was made.

Nevada's divorce code, meanwhile, was not changed from what it had been since she became a Territory, back in 1861. She grants divorce on fewer grounds, indeed, than several other States—New Hampshire, for instance, or Tennessee. The real laxity of the Nevada code lies in the interpretation of one or two of the grounds, especially that of cruelty, and the ease with which citizenship and jurisdiction may be acquired. It is, of course, notorious that practically all these migratory plaintiffs become "citizens" for the sole purpose of getting a divorce, and the instant that is done shake the dust of Nevada from their nimble feet and flit to other climes. Service "by publication" is deemed sufficient when the defendant resides outside the State (a ground on which New York has declared divorces void in several famous cases), and there is one astonishing clause, which states that divorce "may be obtained by complaint under oath to the District Court in the county in which the cause thereof shall have accrued, or in which the defendant shall reside or be found." Literally, this implies that a husband and wife may step off an overland express, and, provided the former is willing to let himself "be found" and enters no defence, the wife may get her divorce and proceed almost by the next



IN THE EMPTY LODGE-ROOM WHICH SERVED AS A COURT: "A JUDGE, AN ELDERLY LAWYER, AND TWO YOUNG COUNTRY WOMEN."

"The young wife had come in from one of the near-by ranches. She wished divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. There was no defence. A few formal words, the scratching of a pen, and it was all over."

DRAWN BY W. J. ENRIGHT.

train. A ruling made about two years ago forbade this procedure, and the plaintiff was compelled to establish her six months' residence. But the phrase remains in the statutes, and recourse to it rests merely on the discretion of the presiding judge.

There is a little green pamphlet entitled "Divorce Practice and Procedure under the Laws of the State of Nevada," distributed until recently throughout the East. A quotation from this will help to illuminate the state of mind with which a Nevada decree is often approached. In regard to the six-months' residence requirements, we read: "This is not construed to mean that in order to fully comply with the statute a party must remain here continuously for said period. So if a party comes to Nevada and in good faith takes up a residence, the party may leave the State at any time after establishing residence, may go and travel when and wherever party chooses, and may return to the State whenever inclination prompts, and yet such temporary absence would not in any wise affect the legality of the residence established." . . .

In short, as a lawyer alluringly summed it up, "here in Nevada the applicant, without deception or fraud, upon almost any charge from which lack of harmonious relations may be reasonably inferred, may apply to our courts and secure prompt results, by decree of absolute divorce, valid and binding in law."

"UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE STAND IT BETTER."

GRETNA GREEN REVERSED; RENO, THE SCENE OF RUSHES FOR DIVORCE.



1. THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARE OF GRETNA GREEN REVERSED: THE MAIN STREET OF RENO, NEVADA, THE CITY IN WHICH "CLIENTS" MAY "SECURE PROMPT RESULTS, BY DECREE OF ABSOLUTE DIVORCE, VALID AND BINDING IN LAW."

2. IN RENO: THE HOTEL BY THE RIVER.

3. ON WHAT WAS ONCE A "DESERT": A "RESIDENTIAL STREET IN RENO."

"Reno's present popularity as a sort of reverse Gretna Green is a matter of very recent years—since the Dakotas raised their residence requirements. . . . Nevada's divorce code . . . was not changed from what it had been since she became a Territory, back in 1861. She grants divorce on fewer grounds, indeed, than several other States. . . . The real laxity of the Nevada code lies in the interpretation of one or two of the grounds, especially that of cruelty, and the ease with which citizenship and jurisdiction may be acquired." (See Article on opposite page.)

THE UP - TO - THE - ANKLE : AS IT IS ABROAD.



SUR LA PLAGE: THE BATHING GIRL OF FRANCE.

The bathing girl of France is not as the bathing girl of England. As often as not she is content to paddle in the water. To get wet above the ankles, or, at the highest, above the calves, would surprise her and annoy her, for her dress is designed to be looked at, not to be so damped that it becomes a thing as shapeless as a mass of floating seaweed, or a covering of indiscreet clings. That her "creations" are often charming and chic is true; that they are quite as often unpractical is equally true.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

THE ALL-OVER: AS IT IS AT HOME.



ON THE BEACH: THE BATHING GIRL OF ENGLAND.

The bathing girl of England really does bathe. She is not afraid of the sea. She enters it until she is neck-deep in it, her mouth in danger of tasting its salt; and her costume is contrived according to her needs. Seldom for her are the flimsy "creations" which are almost as elaborate as dress for gala days, or, even, the Continentalised "Oxfords," adorned with silk and satin. She is free to splash and be splashed as much as she will, without thought for the fashion or the "renovations" of to-morrow.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

A "SKETCH" QUARTET.



THE LADY: Dear me! How very clever! You ought to draw for the comic papers.

THE ARTIST: Ah, I used to, lady.

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.



TOM (admiring the sunset, in company with Dick and 'Arry): By gum, that's a little bit of orl right.

DICK: Top 'ole, ain't it, just?

'ARRY: Fair treat, I calls it.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAURENY.



1. SWEAT (A RESULT OF VULGAR WORK).

2. PERSPIRATION (A RESULT OF ARISTOCRATIC PLEASURE).

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.



THE GOLFING DENTIST: H'm. Tooth off—stump properly bunkered. It'll be a grand niblick shot to get out of there in one.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

THE FOLLY OF THE FOOLISH; AND THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.



THE NEW AND INNOCENT CURATE: How old did you—? Ah, yes, six months. And is this your youngest?



THE DISILLUSIONED: Wot's the use o' askin' them, Sal? *That* sort don't buy—they're only after a flirt on the cheap.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CHANCE

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

FOREWORD.—There is no servant of Justice who has a finer record than the eminent detective whose exploits make many a thrilling chapter in the Mystery and Romance of Crime. Without claiming the marvellous powers of deduction possessed by Sherlock Holmes, or the Innocence of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown, Detective Inspector Chance has rendered substantial service to the cause of criminal investigation.

His qualities are freely admitted at Scotland Yard. In the stories selected from his various adventures and experiences, the incidents of which I have gathered from his own memoranda, and in the course of conversation with him, fictitious names are used, although every case dealt with is part of the criminal history of recent times.

It was only on a distinct understanding that his adventures should be related in this form that Inspector Chance of Scotland Yard gave permission for the part he had played in the unravelling of some famous mysteries to be made public.

II.—THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BOAT.

IT was during the period of intense excitement caused by the dastardly crime of a gang of armed burglars, aliens to a man—and to a woman, for two women were believed to be involved in the affair—that I met my friend Inspector Chance late one night in Rupert Street, Shaftesbury Avenue.

The Inspector was so elegantly attired that at first I did not recognise him. The white tie of evening dress was distinctly visible under a fashionable overcoat ornamented with an astrachan collar.

I should have passed him had he not addressed me by name and revealed his identity.

"Are you in a hurry to get home?" he said.

"No," I replied, "anything on?"

"Yes, something that will interest you, if you care to come. I am waiting for Inspector McLean, of Marlborough Street. He is going round the Soho cafés and foreign clubs, and I am going with him. You can join us if you like. We want it to look like a personally conducted party of 'strangers.' I'm one of the strangers, and you can be the other."

"What are you after?"

"We are looking up our local anarchists, to see if they are in their usual haunts. Two have been missing for the last few evenings, and we don't like not being able to account for them, especially when they combine the business of burglary with the profession of bombs."

"And these two do?"

"Yes. We know that they have been in close touch with the East End anarchists for some time past. Information about them is wanted at the Yard, and none of their 'pals' has sent us any. That makes us uneasy."

"You don't mean to say that you know where every anarchist in London is?"

"When we miss one from his accustomed haunts we are never satisfied until we have 'placed' him again."

A few minutes later the Marlborough Street Inspector joined us, and as we were old acquaintances he at once consented to my making one of the "strangers" he was taking round the foreign cafés and shady "clubs" of Soho.

The result of the little tour of the haunts of the "undesirable" aliens of the West End was quite satisfactory to Inspector Chance. He had discovered one missing man in a dingy establishment in an ill-lighted back street—it was a bogus club and in reality a gambling den—and the man from Marlborough Street had ascertained from a friendly proprietor, who was always a source of useful information, where the other man was.

Both men having been "placed," the business of the evening was over. Inspector McLean went back to Marlborough Street and left me in Soho Square with my friend Chance.

"That's off my mind," he said with a sigh of relief. "Those men are anarchists, and to lose trace of them just now when foreign royalties are coming to London would mean considerable anxiety and harass at the Yard."

"You really worry about these fellows, then?"

"Worry?—of course we do. As long as we know where these rascals are they are almost as safe as if they were in custody. But whenever they are missing we know there is mischief brewing, and we can't tell in what quarter to look for it. I remember a time when the mysterious disappearance of two dynamiters from their London haunts kept our nerves on the strain for over four years. It was one of the most mysterious cases in which I was ever engaged. But the mystery was solved at last."

"By you?"

"Well, I don't want to take too much credit to myself, though the authorities always say that the Mystery of the Missing Boat was solved by Chance. But my confrère, Detective-Sergeant Denny, deserves the biggest share of the credit, for I only made my discovery after he had put in some very fine work. But I'll send you the whole story to-morrow. I've got it written out for the 'Reminiscences' that I don't suppose I shall ever publish. You are quite welcome to make what use of it you please."

On the following day I received the manuscript. It was the story of "The Mystery of the Missing Boat," a story which, at the time the incident occurred, caused an enormous sensation, and led to the unusual offer by the City authorities of a reward of £5000 to anyone who could bring the mystery to the satisfactory solution of the Old Bailey.

The offer of such a sum was considered unprecedented by the Government, and the City authorities withdrew it. That is why my friend John Chance never got his share of it.

Here is the story as narrated by one of the famous detectives who played such a prominent part in bringing it to—for the Scotland Yard authorities—a happy ending.

The year 188- was made memorable by a series of outrages committed in London by the Fenian Brotherhood. Emissaries of the Clan-na-Gael were here to carry out an active programme.

Among the many indelicate hints of their presence was an attempt to blow up Scotland Yard. A few days later a terrific explosion occurred under one of the arches of London Bridge. The people in the neighbourhood were startled by a loud report, followed by the crashing of the glass in the windows of dozens of buildings on the river's banks.

For a time the people on the banks and in the neighbourhood thought that a terrible disaster had occurred. Every moment they expected to see the arch fall in. But nothing happened.

Hundreds of people flocked to the river-side. The Thames Police boats were out in a second and officials hurried to the spot. But there was nothing to be seen under the arch.

A Thames Police Inspector and two men had actually been watching the spot at the time of the explosion, but they had seen no craft near the scene.

A hurried examination of the arch led to the belief that an infernal machine must have been placed on one of the buttresses. But the men on the police boat told a different tale. They had seen the flash come from the surface of the river, and an enormous displacement of water had followed the explosion. High up on the arch the masonry showed distinct signs of it.

Hurried inquiries were made in every direction. First came the news that shortly after the explosion a steam-launch was seen by a man on the opposite bank to dash past at a high rate of speed. Two men were on the deck of the launch.

Then came the information that at Queenhithe at about five o'clock two men had hired a rowing-boat, the *Petrel*. The man who let them the boat had taken particular notice of them. One was a tall man of singularly pale complexion and with a fair moustache. The other was a thick-set, dark little man. The dark man carried a parcel wrapped in coarse sacking which he placed carefully in the bows of the boat. The men, who had twice before hired a boat of the Queenhithe owner, said they didn't want a boatman. The dark man took the rudder, and the tall, pale, fair man took the oars and pulled out into midstream and in the direction of the bridge.

The police, in the meantime, while examining the arch had found lodged in the buttress some charred rags. The Queenhithe

(Continued overleaf.)

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



boatman's story was at once accepted as a clue. The charred rags were evidently part of the sacking in which the infernal machine or bomb had been wrapped.

But where was the boat? How had the men with the bomb managed to escape unseen when, a moment after the explosion, hundreds of eyes were gazing at the scene and a dozen boats were on the water with the occupants looking in every direction for a sign of the authors of the outrage?

That they *had* got away was certain. The view that in a few hours, or at latest, in a day or two, the *Petrel* would be found abandoned somewhere on the shore was generally entertained.

On the day following the explosion, when the police information had been collected, Sergeant Denny came to me.

"Jack," he said, "I believe these men are 'friends' of ours. Don't you recognise them by the description?"

"I think so. The tall, pale man is Michael Lancey, and the short, dark man is Ned Hemming."

Lancey and Hemming were two members of the Clan-na-Gael. Their departure for London had been notified to us by the American police. We knew of their arrival, and we had had them under observation for some time. But from their usual haunts they had, after the explosion, mysteriously disappeared. The Yard was anxious about them, and after a time, nothing being seen of them, it was supposed that they had gone to Paris. In Paris diligent inquiries were being made for them in the Fenian haunts of the Gay City by our agents.

The description of the men given by the boatman from whom they had hired the *Petrel* was not *exactly* like our "friends," but it was near enough to justify Denny's suspicion. At any rate, special officers were told off to make a diligent search for some traces of Lancey and Hemming. If they were in London it was essential that we should "fix" them, as we might at any moment receive information which would justify their arrest.

"We'll find them if they are to be found, Jack," said Denny. "You and I know the men by sight, and Michael Lancey will never disguise that pale face of his sufficiently to trick me."

"Yes, we'll find them," I said, "but if they were in that boat I can't for the life of me see how they managed to disappear when the River Police were actually watching the spot."

"That's the mystery," replied Denny thoughtfully. "The River Police saw the flame shoot up, but saw no boat."

"And there must have been a boat there, because it is proved that the bomb wasn't placed on a buttress and wasn't flung down from the top of the bridge."

"The men in the boat got away. They managed it pretty smartly, but they did it. What we have to do is either to find Lancey and Hemming or to prove, by failing to find or get any trace of them, that they are not in London."

A few days' inquiries satisfied us that the two agents of the Clan-na-Gael, who were known to have been at large in London up till the day before the explosion, had completely disappeared. There was no trace of them and there was no trace of the missing boat. Boat and men had vanished as if by magic.

The suggestion that the craft and the men had been destroyed through the infernal machine going off too soon had been followed up. The river had been dragged near the scene of the outrage, and no trace of anything had been discovered. Nothing had risen to the surface to float with the tide, and to be found in some other part of the river. Everything had vanished except the fragments of the piece of sacking in which the bomb had been wrapped.

For four years this precious pair were a source of constant anxiety. Information was always reaching the authorities that they had been seen in certain places, and we started on our wild-goose chase again.

And then one day there came definite information. Hemming had been seen in the south of London at some of his former haunts. The man who brought us the news offered to take us to the place where we should be likely to find Hemming, who, it was stated, had considerably altered his appearance.

For three weeks Denny, now promoted to Inspector—he had made the dynamitards a special study—went about with the informer day and night looking for Hemming. And I went with him.

"I must have Chance with me," said Denny; "he's lucky." That was true. My luck was a proverb at the Yard.

But it was not long before we suspected that the informer was having a game with us. We were treating him royally, gratifying his taste for refreshment and amusement in every possible way, and he was evidently in no hurry to let the "good thing" go.

At last my colleague determined to bring the matter to a crisis. "Look here," he said to the man, "you haven't seen Hemming. I shall charge you with obtaining money under false pretences, and you'll get it hot."

It was a bluff, but it came off. The fellow confessed that he had not seen Hemming since the day of the explosion, but he could relieve our minds as to his being in London. "He's never been seen by any of his pals since that night, and I know them all."

We knew where to find the man who had played the game on us when we wanted him, so we let him go.

"Chance," said Denny, "this time your luck seems to have deserted you. We've been on the wrong tack all the time!"

That evening I went home early and found my wife getting ready to go to the theatre. Someone had sent her two seats for the Adelphi Theatre. One of Boucicault's famous Irish dramas had been revived; it was getting near the end of the run and "orders" were about.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, John," said my wife. "I was going to call and see if Mrs. Thompson could go with me. But now you can come. We haven't had a night at the theatre together for years."

The orders were for the upper circle. I had not been seated many minutes before I discovered that my next-seat neighbour was an Irishman who had, in the early days of the Fenian outrages in London, given us some very valuable information.

After the first act I invited him to come to the refreshment bar with me, and then I told him of my recent adventure with the false informer, mentioning the man's name.

"Well," said my companion, "whether he's spoofed you or not, he'll know the truth about Hemming. He's living next door to Hemming's sister. If Hemming's in London, that's where he would be certain to go sometimes. She's lived there for years. She was there when Hemming first came to London."

I didn't wait long to finish my drink. I went back to my wife, told her I was called away for an hour on business, and went straight to the Yard, where I knew my colleague would be.

"Jim," I said, "we're on the track of the Boat Mystery at last."

Then I told him my story.

"Chance's luck again!" exclaimed Denny. "We'll pay the sister a visit. Meet me at the top of the street she lives in, at twelve to-morrow."

At a few minutes to twelve I was at the appointed place. A typical American passed me, and as he passed me said, "Hullo, John!"

It was my colleague.

"I've thought it all out," he said; "look here." He took a soiled visiting-card from his pocket and showed it me.

"Mr. Edward Hemming."

Underneath the name the address of Hemming's sister was written.

"Where on earth did you get this?" I asked.

"Had it printed this morning and faked it to look like an old one. You keep your eyes on the house in case of accidents while I go in. I'm going to get what I can out of Hemming's sister."

I waited and watched, and not altogether without a certain amount of anxiety. I had an idea that Hemming might be there, and I wasn't sure what would happen if he found himself cornered.

In a quarter of an hour my colleague came out and I walked up to the end of the street to join him.

"Chance," he exclaimed excitedly, "you've solved the mystery. Hemming and Lancey are dead."

"What—did she tell you so?"

"No. I saw the woman and asked her if Mr. Hemming lived there."

"No, Sir, not now," she said, the tears coming into her eyes. "Did you know him?"

"Oh, yes," I said, producing the card. "I came over from America with him some years ago, and on the ship he gave me his card with this address written on it and told me if ever I was in London and wanted to see him, this address would always find him."

"She took the card, read her brother's name on it, and then began to sob."

"Ah," she said, "you'll never see my poor brother again. His box is still upstairs, but he went away one day over four years ago and never came back again, and we've never heard a word from him since."

That afternoon we went back to the sister's house, this time as police officers, and seized the box. When it was opened we found not only documents which proved that Hemming had come to London with the intention of committing outrages, but a letter from Lancey which made it clear that the two men were in league to bring off a particular "bit of business."

That these incriminating documents would have been left in a house in London for four years had either Lancey or Hemming been alive was unthinkable.

By my chance visit to the Adelphi I had found the clue for which the police authorities had been searching in vain for four years. There was no longer any doubt that both of the conspirators had perished in the attempt to blow up the bridge.

But what became of their bodies? What became of the *Petrel*, that was never seen again?

No atom of the two men was ever discovered. No fragment of the boat floated on the surface of the waters on that December evening when a hundred eager eyes were gazing on the scene of the catastrophe.

The mystery of the complete disappearance of the dynamitards was solved, but the mystery of the complete disappearance of the boat remains a mystery to this day.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Holiday Conven- tions.

Some of the men—those of the kind of discontented who, we suspect, would weary of Paradise—have been telling me that they are getting tired of the same old thing in golfing holidays. They feel a need for something new, and they demand a scheme. Says one,

"I wind my way up to Carnoustie year by year, and I play for three whole weeks and then I come back again. It becomes monotonous." Well, Carnoustie is splendid; but why visit her every year? Ten times the length of the life of a man would yield insufficient days and weeks for experience of the full variety of the riches of golfing places. Another complains of the crowds in August at St. Andrews; a third thinks he may not visit the glorious Machrihanish again until he can make a quick journey there by aeroplane. But golfers who are men of the most splendid wisdom and ingenuity do not always display it in the arrangement of their holiday plans. In this matter they



A WELL-KNOWN LEFT-HANDED GOLFER: MR. J. A. HEALING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

are disposed to be too conventional; they are slow to break away from old habits and customs, chiefly in the way of expeditions to the far north, visiting the playing grounds of great renown. I have sometimes wondered why men prefer to travel five hundred miles to play on a seaside golf course, when there is better golf and more of it within a smaller space only eighty miles from London. Leaving Victoria at ten in the morning, one may lunch at Deal or Sandwich in such good time that many of the men will not be in from their morning rounds—only two hours and no stopping by this excellent golfers' train—and two comfortable rounds during the remainder of the day are easy to get in at this time of the year. Near to these two courses is that of Prince's, Sandwich. I ask the rest of the world where else are three such courses—all very different from each other, too—all touching one another, and I could wait till Doomsday for an answer. Yet at other places you have crowds forty deep at the first tee, and eventually get started just when the smell of roast meat reaches you from the club house, while in Kent the courses are barely filled, and all is luxury and ease.

Grandfathers Disapprove.

Why is all this? Because of conventions and traditions, and because even golfers, for the most part strong-minded men as they are, have not the courage of their convictions. Sometimes I become very cross when men come back from their holidays and tell me of the great time they have had and the glories and qualities of the third and seventh holes on a course appreciably nearer to the North Pole than our place of discussion, when I know that course to be a

rough and wretched little-thing, with tin cans and dead cats encumbering the first tee, and a slimy, smelly ditch winding in and out at every hole. I have no one special course in mind when I write like this, so none need be offended; but I know there are many of them. All this comes of convention, and listening too much to our grandfathers. We all recognise that our grandfathers did splendid work for golf, established the game on its splendid basis, compiled and classified its traditions, and created a splendid spirit of the links; but they are rather kill-joys in these days, for all that. They will not admit the value of anything new, and I, for one, though a conservative in golfing matters, deny that finality in regard to them was reached when young Tommy Morris was in his prime. In this matter of golfing holidays I was telling

one of the grandfathers the other day about the party of golfers who went up the East Coast by caravan and golfed on every course they passed, and of the

others who went into a lonely mountain region and laid out a nine-hole course for themselves, playing on which they enjoyed immensely; yet the cranky old man only said, "Pooh! Tush!" in a Mikado manner, declaring that such things were not golf, and that they should not be allowed.

A Cyclo-Golfing Tour.

But a change from exactness and severity and convention is to be welcomed in the holiday season. Please note that formula—exactness, severity, convention; those are the things you need to avoid in the holiday season. As how? There are many ways; think of them. Motor-golfing tours are common enough; at some personal trouble and inconvenience to himself; no doubt, a friend of mine proposes to improve on the idea by cycling from London to the far west of England and sending his clubs from place to place, golfing all the way. He will so far as possible ride along by-roads and shady lanes; he will get off the beaten track. Cycling, they tell you, is not good for golf, particularly the putting; but what will it matter if he does miss a putt or two? He is very fond of cycling. Besides, he will keep his tyres soft—a most excellent tip for the golfing cyclist, reducing the vibration—and he will send his clubs by train in a case, not in their bag, carrying a cleek and a light iron on the machine with him for use in emergencies, as when he suddenly strikes a golf-course that is not on the map.

This kind of thing will not suit everybody. It will not suit the gentlemen who do the half mile between their hotel and the club house in a cab invariably; but it would please some others magnificently. More ideas another time.



A WELL-KNOWN LEFT-HANDED GOLFER: THE REV. A. R. F. HYSLOP, WHO RECENTLY WON THE CALCUTTA CUP.

Mr. Hyslop is one of the comparatively few well-known left-handed golfers. Others who may be mentioned are Mr. Scarf, who is, perhaps, more familiar in the Midlands than to Londoners; Mr. Bruce Pearce, of Tasmania; Mr. Meakin, who played for Cambridge some years back; Mr. J. A. Healing, and, most famous of all, Mr. Peter Gannon, ex-champion of many places.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A WELL-KNOWN LEFT-HANDED GOLFER: MR. BRUCE PEARCE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF LONDON.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

DECIDEDLY no, I would not like to live in Paris any more. I enjoy running across now and then to hear a new play, inspect a new Salon, and assure, or rather reassure, myself *de visu* of the newest shrinking in dress. Nine hours' rest enables one to read the day's papers—a thing one cannot possibly manage to get through at home. It also gives you the impression you are travelling, and, to a stay-at-home like me, who has never gone on longer cruises than Paris-London, London-Paris, it has a great charm. I am young enough yet to enjoy being in a train. The getting ready alone is a delight. Gracieuse and I put our heads

and when the wind comes from Aubervilliers, ah, *mes enfants*! Paris reminds one of burning Rome; and Nero would not have been able to fiddle in such an atmosphere unless he had a cold in the head.

I found London so clean after Paris—it's not at all polite to shrug your shoulders—I said clean, and I stick to it. Clean plays, clean books, clean magazines, clean smells of tar (no Aubervilliers here), clean water, clean pavements (pavements where you can walk without falling into excavations and rubbish holes on top of gas-men engaged on slow repairs. I don't mention the millions of prospectuses and dirty papers that swish-swish and rot under your feet like leaves in October); clean maids cleaning clean doorsteps; clean tradesmen's carts, which condescend to call for orders; clean horses that actually look as if they were fed, and not as if they were ambulant anatomical exhibits; clean dogs one does not see being kicked, and clean policemen who don't growl—three cheers for dear London!

And yet I am going to leave it again. I only came back to buy some tea and get photographed, and on Saturday I'll take a nice English boat, with Austen, Gracieuse, and other luggage, en route for the South of France. It takes three days to reach Bordeaux, and, if I am to believe my husband (which I do, as a rule), it's the three jolliest days you could spend. He knows: he always used to go to Biarritz that way, and he says one sleeps in a bunch. It sounds like beehive accommodation, but it is really a little narrow, narrow bed, like a soap-box, and at night you can wink at the moon through a tiny round



OF THE CLOCK HOUSE, CHELSEA EMBANKMENT: LADY HUNTINGTON; AND TWO NIECES.

Lady Huntington, widow of the first baronet, was known before her marriage as Miss Jane Hudson Sparkes, daughter of Mr. Walter Sparkes, of Merton, Surrey. Her marriage to Sir Charles Philip Huntington (who died in 1906) took place in 1876. The present Baronet is the third of the creation, succeeding his brother in 1907.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

together, and it's wonderful what an amount of stuff two females with a goodwill and no experience can need on a short journey. Then all my things, the pretty wedding things Austen gave me, are still quite new, and I must take them with me—if only for their own sweet sakes. They were bought in Paris, and are most artistic and impracticable. Umbrella-holders, vanity-case, luncheon-basket, jewel-box, writing-necessaries—I take them all except the hat-boxes, that keep on growing too small at every journey. All these indispensable things have the dearest little locks that can't be opened, straps sewn at the wrong places, and my initials—my darling new initials—at every corner. They are all typical "Articles de Paris"—things to be looked at and marvelled at for their daintiness, but not touched, of course. It seems a lot to carry with one, all the more so that the pale-lavender and café-au-lait morocco is not to come into contact with porters' paws; but in the end it does not prove at all so cumbersome as one might suppose, as I always manage to lose a few articles on my way. I notice that most English ladies always travel with their hands free. It's very convenient, only I don't know where they hide their vanity-case (one needs such a lot of powder and eau-de-Cologne on a journey) and their flowers. What do they do with the flowers the nice men they know bring them when the train leaves? Austen says perhaps they travel without—tut! tut! he knows nothing about women; he might as well say they start without handkerchiefs. Englishmen have no idea as to the real necessities of woman's life.

As I was saying about Paris—will you, please, look it up, if you think it worth while: it's up there, quite at the beginning—it's pleasant to pop in there occasionally, and on condition you choose the right occasions, when veal is in season (because it meets you everywhere, as if you were a prodigal daughter), when there are no strikes, no inundations, no water famine, no sabotage, and no west wind. Why no west wind? Ah! *voilà*—because of Aubervilliers. Aubervilliers is a small place—bear with me, I am not going to tell you to go there for your holiday—it's a place where you find, or where you could find blindfolded, some charmingly situated slaughter-houses;



THE SUPPORTER OF THE KING'S RIGHT ARM AT THE CORONATION INTERESTED IN THE VOTE OF CENSURE: THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (X) ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It will be recalled that, by virtue of being Lord of the Manor of Worksop, the Duke of Newcastle has the right to provide a glove for the King's right hand and perform the service of supporting his Majesty's right arm while he is holding the Sceptre at the Coronation. The present Duke (the seventh) was born in September 1864, and succeeded in 1879. He was educated at Eton and at Magdalen. In 1889, he married Kathleen Florence May, daughter of Major Henry Augustus Candy. He has no children. The heir to the title is his brother, Lord Henry Francis Hope Pelham-Clinton-Hope.—[Photograph by Central News.]

window made for the purpose. There are two little beds in each cabin, one on top of the other. I'll have the top one, because that trip is my circus. Won't it be fun to sleep in a soap-box all by oneself, and one can tickle one's husband's nose with one's plait from above, and shout "Rats!"—Austen did not say so, but that's what I infer, hope for, and propose to do.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Keener in France. To our shame and concern be it said, but none the less truthfully, French aviators evince much greater keenness and interest than their British confrères in attempts to secure the Michelin French awards. Already M. Loudan has set himself at the head of the list by flying 750 kilometres ($=465\frac{3}{4}$ miles) at an average speed of 90 kilometres ($=56$ miles) per hour. As the closing date for both these competitions is fixed for sunset on Oct. 15 next, it is somewhat remarkable, and suggestive of lack of enterprise and enthusiasm, that our aviators have not taken advantage of the good weather, instead of postponing their efforts, as is usually the case, until the last possible moment, when flying conditions are not so favourable. Certainly it must suggest to Messrs Michelin and Co. that their efforts in this country lack the appreciation expressed for them so satisfactorily across the Channel.

Cash and Credit for British Aviators. After the extremely poor show our English aviators made for the munificent prize so sportingly offered by Lord Northcliffe, it is interesting, and perhaps a little surprising, to find other folks still keen to offer inducements for emulation among British airmen flying British machines. But it is probable that Messrs Michelin and Co. feel something is due from them in the best interests of progress in this country by reason, probably, of the great business the quality of their goods has obtained for them here. Consequently they are moved to the stimulation of our British aeroplane manufacturers by the offer of two trophies for annual competition—a replica of Trophy No. 1, with a cash prize of £500, to the British aviator who will, on an all-British aeroplane, accomplish the greatest distance without landing; Cup No. 2, with a sum of £400, to the British aviator who, on an entirely British machine, shall have completed a minimum circuit of 125 miles in the shortest time without landing.

An Event of the Enlightenment. No event of the year should be more productive of instruction and enlightenment than the race for the O'Gorman Trophy, which is down for decision at Brooklands on Oct. 4, and for which entries close on Sept. 11 next. The race is for vehicles propelled by means of internal-combustion engines only (here's another injustice to Steam!), the R.A.C. rating of which does not exceed 21 h.p., and the stroke of which does not exceed 121 mm. ($=4\frac{1}{2}$ in.). The distance over which the competition takes place is twenty-five miles,

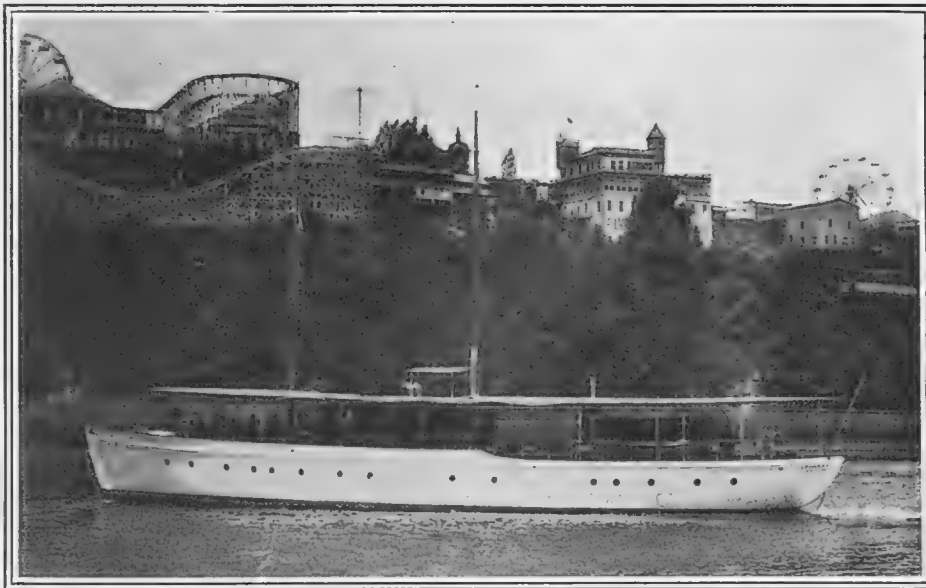
but no limitation is placed on the kind of fuel, the method of its delivery to the working parts, or on the use of any auxiliaries, such as compressed oxygen, acetylene, picric acid, and so on. This event therefore affords an opportunity for the demonstration of enrichers of ordinary petrol or paraffin, or, indeed, the exploitation of alcohol engines, with which the not very distant future may rest.



THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE SERVICE OF THE HORSE: A MOVING WATER "STATION" IN PHILADELPHIA.

During the recent spell of hot weather in the United States, this "station" supplied eight hundred horses with water and four hundred drivers with iced water daily.

Direction-Post Reform. Once again the question of the better arrangement of direction-posts is being raised in the correspondence columns of the motor Press. As erected and placed at present, the position of the indicating arms is generally inconvenient, if not absurd. Take the case of a road with a Y fork, one leading to, say, Little Pedlington, and the other to Great Barchester. The arms appertaining to each branch are in line with and point down each road, so that he who would gather knowledge must practically enter each road before he can read the sign. Then, as he most assuredly and in the general "cussedness" of things has taken the wrong turning first, he has to back out and restart in the proper direction. Now if, as suggested by a correspondent to the *Autocar*, the arms referring to each road were made to stand across-such-roads, the direction of all the lines could be read by the oncoming traveller, who would take his right road without hesitation, so saving both petrol, tyres, and temper. This is surely work for the Road Board.



SCENE OF A TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR HOLIDAY (D.V.): THE MOTOR-YACHT "LOUNGER II," ON WHICH MR. JAMES B. HAMMOND HOPES TO CRUISE FROM NOW UNTIL HE IS A HUNDRED.

Mr. Hammond, the American millionaire whose name is so well known as coupled with the typewriter of his invention, has set out on the motor-yacht "Lounge II" for a cruise during which he hopes to touch at every port in the world, staying aboard his craft until he is a hundred—that is, for twenty-seven years. At the end of that time he intends to return to his New Jersey home and present the yacht to the United States Government, as a model of what such a vessel should be. Mr. Hammond planned every part of "Lounge II," himself, including the engines, and saw all the work done. A flotilla of the New York Yacht Club escorted him out of harbour the other day.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

A Book for Drivers. Bibendum assuredly never tires of well-doing. His latest production in the best interests of the users of the great tyres for which he is responsible is a work entitled "A Book for Drivers," containing instructions for fitting, detaching, and repairing tyres. This book, which should be in the possession of every car-owner who is his own mechanic, and every paid driver who has his master's interests at heart, has a chapter, illustrated, on fitting and detaching tyres when the Michelin bolt valve is used, a chapter on detaching and fitting tyres when security bolts are used, a chapter on fitting and detaching tyres on detachable rims (a matter ripe for instruction), and another chapter on the Michelin twin tyres and

expanding rims, to which I referred at some length a few weeks ago. Repairs and outfits are dealt with, as well as repairs as carried out at the works. Chapters VII. and VIII. are devoted to the "Care of Tyres" and "General Hints," while very necessary instructions "How to Weigh a Car" form a valuable finale.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Autumn Handicaps. The scheme of the principal Autumn Handicaps has been altered this year by the Manchester executive, who have abandoned ten furlongs in connection with their Prince Edward Handicap in favour of two miles. Many people thought this might adversely affect the Cesarewitch, seeing that the latter race comes less than three weeks after the Manchester race, but I think there need be no fear on that score, for only twenty-two of the thirty-three entries for the Prince Edward are also nominated for the more important event. The most notable of the double entrants are Admiral Togo III., Declare, Elizabetha (ali from Manton), Pillo, Verney (last year's Cesarewitch winner), and Graball (a three-year-old of whom much is expected). His defeat by Ignition in Scotland need not be taken seriously, for he had done little work following on the attack of coughing that prevented him coming south for the Ascot meeting. I shall be surprised if Graball does not make his mark this autumn.

Jockeys. The recent run of success, or luck, enjoyed by Frank Wootton was quite remarkable, and naturally set everybody talking. When a jockey wins race after race one is inclined at the first blush to ascribe the success to the fact that the particular jockey is during that period riding better than during other periods, but a little examination leads to the conclusion that, generally speaking, it is a case of sheer good luck and nothing else—that is to say, the jockey finds himself in many cases on "soft things." Especially was this so with Wootton at Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes, and the queer part of it was that during one week when he rode an unusual number of winners it would not have paid to follow him on a fixed stake. There is this to be said, however: When a jockey finds himself on the flood of success he will try things on the chance of them coming off, just as a billiard-player will when he has "found his touch." At other times, in both instances, they go more cautiously, which perhaps explains why we say when they are doing well that they are performing with more dash. As regards following jockeys systematically, that is one of the worst of snares. The most



MAKER OF HIS HUNDREDTH WIN THE OTHER DAY: FRANK WOOTTON. On Monday of last week, Wootton rode five winners in six mounts. On the following day he won on Quercus and on Jangling Geordie, the latter win bringing him up to his hundredth.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Loder, whose names are to be found at the top of the list of principal winning owners for the season. The totals credited to Lord Derby and Mr. Joel are in each instance in excess of £24,000, and on turning to the list of winning horses one finds that towards Lord Derby's aggregate Swynford has contributed no less than £14,814, and towards Mr. Joel's, Sunstar has contributed £14,280. Mr. C. E. Howard and Major Loder are third and fourth in the list, but their aggregates are very modest compared with the leading pair, the figures being roughly £8000 and £7000. But the usual rule is at work in each case, especially with regard to Mr. Howard, for whom Willonyx has won no less than £7275, while towards Major Loder's total the filly by Spearmint—Adula contributes £4357, that being the value of the one race she won. The neck-and-neck race that Lord Derby and Mr. Joel are running for the headship looks like being continued, for against what may be described as the better prospects of Mr. Joel in the St. Leger, Lord Derby will probably secure one or two well-endowed stakes at Newmarket and other places by the aid of Swynford and Stedfast, while the chance of his King William in the St. Leger is by no means a remote one. Lord Derby's winning account is already in excess of his full total of last year, when his horses secured £23,685. Mr. Joel had comparatively quite a modest season in 1910, his winning total being £8648. His last big year was 1908, when he secured £26,000 in stake-money. The possession of a great horse was never more forcibly shown in figures than in the case of Mr. Fairie. In 1907 he won £4798 in stakes; then came the Bayardo and Lemberg era, and the following three years showed totals of £13,000, £37,000, and £35,000.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Northern Circuit begins to-day at Redcar. Selections: Coatham Handicap, Battle Axe; Upleatham Handicap, Droski; 35th Biennial, Cornob; 34th Biennial, Prefix II; Redcar Stakes, Ollala. To-morrow: Redcar Handicap, Silver Strand; Zetland



"RIDING" FORTY GALLOPING HORSES: THE CIRCUS-LIKE ACT OF A FRENCH LIEUTENANT.

At a fête organised by the 41st Regiment of Artillery at the Sissonne Camp, Lieutenant Arrêteau, of the 29th Artillery, performed the remarkable feat illustrated, that of "riding" forty galloping horses. The reins were 946 metres long. The horses were not specially trained for the event.

successful riders strike bad patches, when nothing goes right for them, and it is then that their followers find out the folly of that style of speculation.

Winning Owners When an owner of racehorses wins a large aggregate in stake-money it is usually through the super-excellence of one horse in his stable. It is so in the cases of Lord Derby, Mr. J. B. Joel, Mr. C. E. Howard, and Major

Handicap, Perfectly; Breeders' Foal Stakes, Oliver Goldsmith. Folkestone, to-day: Kent Handicap, Selectman; Romney Welter, Spanish Coin. To-morrow: Folkestone Handicap, Darrara; Cinque Ports Handicap, Wise Riot. Windsor, Friday: Clewer Plate, Misfit; Castle Handicap, Carr Bridge; Club Plate, Sylphide. Saturday: Flying Handicap, Buttery; August Handicap, Marechal Strozzi.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Teutonic "Bad" in London. I hear that an enterprising firm are supplying mineral waters of the most efficacious kind "hot from the bottle" not a hundred miles from Piccadilly. A complete "cure" can now be undertaken in July or August in London, without the trouble and expense of transporting oneself to distant Bohemia or the hot springs of Central France. Who knows if it may not soon become the fashion, and that we may have a Kursaal in the Green Park, while stout and plethoric persons will be constrained by their physicians to walk as far as the Peak of Primrose Hill, and the more enduring will be set to climb to Hampstead Heath? If the "cure" were properly carried through, it would probably be quite as efficacious as if undertaken in some hot, expensive hotel abroad after a journey in an hermetically closed German railway-carriage. Of course, the same rules would have to be observed in Piccadilly as in Marienbad. The fare would be light and sparse, with baths, exercise, and mountain-climbing (Campden Hill would be the nearest ascent which could be made, and the steep and dangerous side near Notting Hill would naturally be chosen by the foolhardy); while Rotten Row, with its deserted green spaces, would offer facilities for horse exercise not to be surpassed in Europe. Persons intending to take a drastic "cure" would be at the Green Park Kursaal punctually at 6 a.m., and after drinking a bumper of their particular "Bad" would proceed to run from Hyde Park Corner to the Albert Memorial. In short, the idea is at once so simple and so new that I should not wonder if we had speedily an August Kur-season.

Where We Britons Go.

Meanwhile, leaving London to inquiring foreigners and innocent provincials, we Britons who have not moors in Scotland all hasten to get into the nearest ship which plies to the Continent, there to spend our holidays and our money. Yet the places where we do actually go in any numbers are somewhat limited, so that one often has the impression, on arriving at the place of one's annual villégiature, of stepping into some little colony from Kensington or Hampstead. For though "Boulong" and "Toulon" are associated with the "Continong" in an engaging and famous song, how many English people, as a matter of fact, have ever visited the famous French arsenal? We have annexed the Riviera, parts of Savoy, Biarritz, and the Northern coast as far as Etretat. Then comes a break in the English invasion, which does not

Switzerland for the English.

by English companies, and all its most celebrated sites and views are looked upon as British property. Americans and English combined have Anglicised the Engadine to such an extent that a "foreigner" is looked upon, as an anomaly both in the summer and winter seasons. Certainly the British were the first to "discover" the little land of peaks and glaciers—which, as has been pertinently remarked, rolled out flat, would amount to a good-sized country—and they have made of it the playground of Europe. It is, indeed, our national curiosity and love of travel which have "made" Switzerland, and, above all, Italy, the bourne of all travellers' pilgrimages. The natives grow peevish, sometimes, at the way we monopolise their countries, and stalk about as if they belonged to us, taking, as it were, *le haut du pavé*; but in their hearts these people know that there would be little Continental travel nowadays if a Scotsman had not invented the railway and the people of these islands set the mode of running about to see sights and breathe the rarer air of mountain-tops.

Opalescent Norway.

A country to which Britons do not journey in overwhelming numbers is Norway, that unique land of opalescent colouring and long, silvery-gold nights. The climate is strange, strange as few European countries are. If it is not stimulating (and fjords, at any rate, are never bracing, though it is through sea-water that you thread your way, past cliff-like mountains to the Arctic Circle and the white North) it is extraordinarily peaceful and soothing to distraught nerves. I do not know of a more delightful way of spending a summer night than to go out fishing at Gudvangen, in the Naero Fjord, rocking gently on a lake of silver from ten till two in the morning, surrounded by all the incredible crimson and amethyst, turquoise and silver of a Norwegian night sky, which only fade into opals when another day begins. Then, too, one has no sense of time, for, as it never darkens in a Norwegian summer, the night seems just as good to play in as the day, and you will find yourself sitting up, oblivious of bedtime, merely to watch that school of whales which accompanies your steamer northward, or to see the sky darken when a pistol-shot disturbs the myriads of curlews, seamews, and guillemots which make their roosting-place on ledges of the cliffs. It is a sea and landscape unique in Europe, for though the far Hebrides possess some such colouring, the majesty of the Norwegian mountains is absent, and in Scotland the ubiquitous tourist is never far away. In Norway you may voyage for days and hardly see a human face, and it is in its imposing solitudes, no less than in its exquisite colouring, that it appeals to the jaded traveller from noisy cities.



[Copyright.]

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

A dress of taffetas, with bolero of black satin, fastening on one side, with one-sided rever. The skirt has an apron-shaped piece in front, over mouseline-de-soie edged with heavy embroidery.



[Copyright.]

DESIGNED FOR THE TWELFTH.

A costume in brown serge, for the fair shot. The loose jacket is drawn in at the waist by a suede belt, and is edged with a band of suede.

sweep into that part of Normandy lying between Honfleur and Mont St. Michel. But at Dinard and along the whole Brittany coast the influx of the English is stupendous, and there is no village on the sea without its colony of curly young Britons intent on enjoying every minute of the day.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

STRIKES.

FOLLOWING upon the fashionable epidemic, we are now entitled to expect the Stock Exchange to strike. Considering how greatly its business and prices have been upset by labour troubles, it would be but just if the House were to put its indignation into acts, and emulate the example of the dockers, carmen, and others who for a few days held up London because they "came down." Business has dwindled to a streamlet, which, however, dashes over the numerous impediments to its progress with a good deal of excitement and very considerable nervousness. Confidence has been sorely tried; patience strained to severe tension. Money remains easy, and Morocco has ceased from troubling; but weeks will be required to wipe out the effects and the remembrance of the great mid-August strike.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

Hardly a newspaper can be picked up in which the reader does not come across a flattering reference to the Home Railway Market; a wonder expressed that the investor can be so indifferent to the merits of the leading issues at their current prices. And truly it does seem to be a remarkable thing that North Westerns, Brighton and Midland Deferred, Great Westerns and "Berwicks" should have slipped back on to a 5 per cent. level—and probably some of the stocks will pay even more than this at the end of the half-year—without bringing in any noteworthy accession of business. No doubt the holiday season accounts for part of the indifference, but another reason is that buyers have been driven away from Home Rails, and capital will be diverted more than ever to foreign channels of investment.

BROKEN HILL.

In the general depression, Broken Hill shares maintained their prices with a steadiness which may be taken as significant of further expansion in prices as soon as things begin to settle down again. It would seem, by the way, that markets for months past have been talking of settling down, and that no sooner is one cause of anxiety removed before another springs up to take its place. In time, however, it may be supposed that cheerfulness will oust depression, and optimism again show its face, when a further advance in the price of all the Barrier shares is more than likely. Broken Hill Souths have already had a big advance since we were pointing out their cheapness some few weeks ago; but the current price should be still further improved upon, while for those who like a lower-priced share Broken Hill Proprietary provides an excellent medium of speculative investment.

TANGANYIKAS AND THEIR FALL.

Obviously, some people got into trouble over Tanganyikas—shares of this class, reputation, and backing don't come slithering down fifteen shillings in a week except for some reason more intimately acquainted with the market than the property. Each fall of half-a-crown dislodged more and more shares held by stale bulls who were frozen out. The news from the Company is the reverse of pleasant, and, as we have maintained all along, the prospect of a dividend on "Tanks" is much more remote than many shareholders appear to imagine. But to sell on the top of a long and steep fall such as that of last week seems to be throwing away the chance of a further rally which one may naturally look for, and we should not care to advise the sale of shares at the present flat level.

RHODESIAN BOOMLET NIPPED.

So sensationally rapid was the drop in Tanganyikas that other Rhodesians were bound to suffer in sympathy. At the end of last month there did seem to be a reasonably good chance for Rhodesians to revive; but first Morocco, then the all-round weakness caused by the dock and railway strike, and finally the slump in "Tanks," were factors that no market could hope to stand up against single-handed, as it were. Therefore, for the time being, Rhodesians have passed under the general cloud, although we do not think this should cause real holders more than transient worry. The undercurrent is not bad: the market is none too well supplied with shares; the wire-pullers have not abated their determination to engineer a rally when times grow more propitious. Rhodesians may be high enough on merits, but the speculator looks less to these than to the sporting chances of a rise, and we are somewhat persuaded that, as a gamble, these chances are quite worth following.

FINANCE AT A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

The luncheon-tables had been spread on the lawns, though the poor, parched grass made the word a purely courtesy title. The sea, deep blue not far from the horizon, sparkled in the brilliant sunlight. It was a fair scene—a place where one could sit and eat and drink and talk in peace, comfort, and content at having escaped the rigours of the London heat. For only the attendance was bad.

Two groups were seated round a couple of tables, and the proximity showed the friendliness of all concerned. With some of

the male members of the large party our readers are familiarly acquainted. Their wives and daughters they do not, unhappily for themselves, know so well.

"It's all your miserable Government, you know——"

"Now, don't begin to talk politics, there's a dear old soul"; and the lady who spoke passed him the hock. "If you start on the subject we shall never get a word in edgewise."

"The Government ought not to have allowed the intimidation, that's what I complain about. If I or any other man am or is willing to work, it's a—a—er—shame to stop me or him forcibly from doing that work."

"I can't help thinking that, after all, the money which the men receive with one hand will go out from the other in higher prices for food and everything. It's always the consumer who pays in the long run, and the working-man, after all's said and done, is the biggest consumer of us all."

"I hope he won't consume *me*," said one of the ladies, who looked the picture of health and spirits.

"There's no doubt but that you will be one of the first to go. I believe the fish-porters at Billingsgate have a special penchant for pink *charmeuse*——"

"Don't be so horrid, Tom," his wife enjoined him. "Don't you mind him, my dear," she went on. "He is only jealous because you have a ruby ring and I haven't."

"The serious part of it, to my mind," said another man, "is that this last affair is only a new link in a long chain of labour troubles, the end of which, so far as I can logically see, is simple Revolution."

"Oh, hardly!"

"Work it out step by step for yourself, and it's the only conclusion you can come to, whichever way you do the problem."

"Percy, is the baby's money safe in Consols?"

"I hope so; anyway, it's in the accumulative Consols, in his name and mine, so it can't be touched till he comes of age. Of course by that time we may all have been murdered in our beds" (there were little shrieks at this)—"or made salaried members of the House of Lords, or met with other fates equally lively, and it won't much matter what happens to Consols. Why, here we are!"

And a bonny little two-year-old, escaped from nurse, clambered up on his father's knee, and surveyed the remains of the feast.

"What would you like, old man? Have a peach? Look, here's a beauty. No? Well, give it a name."

"Dam," said the little chap with the awful distinctness which terrorises every mother's heart. "Dam."

"We haven't got any jam. Come here, Charlie, and don't worry your father," and his mother fluttered round, while the men, to their shame, be it spoken, made only ineffectual attempts to smother their mirth.

"Charlie my son—yes; I thought you'd smash it; glass doesn't bend, you know—we shall have to put those pennies of yours into foreign bonds. You don't want any more Consols, do you?"

"Ess, oo 'ill, won't I," replied the baby.

"And we must open an account in one of the Argentine Railway stocks, I think; I believe they are the kind of things people will buy in preference to English stocks. What on earth *are* you ladies quarrelling about?"

"Nothing that you *can* help us with."

"We were only discussing——"

"Whether lace hats and bonnets ever *could* come in again?"

"Ah, now you're asking us to tell you, my dear Madam, what I can assure you is a secret locked in the manly bosoms of a *very, very* few of us."

"Stupid creature!" she flouted him.

"But just this one thing I may tell you, if you will condescend to listen."

"Well?"

"Some ladies, my dear Madam, can look charming in anything," and he bowed low.

"Silly old dear!" she laughed, linking his arm to hers. "Come on, Charlie; let's make daddy take us to a nice place for tea. Shan't be long, nurse. Any of you others coming?"

Saturday, Aug. 12, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

UNCERTAIN.—A bucket-shop of the worst type. We are very much afraid you will have to write off the money you sent them as the cost of experience. Frankly, we are amazed that anyone should be deceived by these garish circulars.

GOLF.—We do not know the people, but should certainly not deal with them ourselves, as a matter of principle.

TAFFY.—(1) Where these particular lists are published we are not sure, but if you care to send us the number and name of your bonds, we can check the agent's statement as to more of them being drawn. (2) Consols are redeemable at par on or after April 5, 1923. The whole point lies in the words italicised, and nobody supposes that there is much chance of the threat-promise being carried out at the exact date named.

F. B.—We have a Note above on Tanganyikas, and think you should hold the Debentures for a recovery, but an exchange into Vickers, on any revival in the others, would appear to be an excellent move.

TRUSTFUL.—Rubber Plantations Investment Trust have fallen because the Company's holdings show a big depreciation, but in view of the probability that the market for plantation shares will improve quite a lot within the next few months, we think you should retain your shares in the hopes of getting a higher price.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The Escape from the Frying-Pan.

Londoners have never been so thankful to get away from their beloved London as this year. Houses, streets, squares, parks have all been subjected to the same liberal ovening, and people were actually going to Egypt and returning to South Africa to escape from London heat; one man who had lived in South Africa for years said that 83 deg. in the shade in London was harder to bear than 103 in the shade in South Africa. Of course the conditions in a great city, which is easily converted into a great brick oven, are very bad for a season of great heat and drought. However, for the moment London seems very far away. The North Sea is glittering in the sunlight, downs stretch away on either side, belts of fir-trees make dark patches here and there, and behind is an outline of mountains that takes on different colours every time you look at it. A breeze worth many thousands of pounds is blowing in from the north-west, smelling of the heather and the sea; and, to put it tersely, I don't envy anybody or want anything better. An elderly relative is pursuing Mr. Asquith's misdeemeanours, as chronicled in the *Scotsman*, round the garden, and grumbling at the breeze which I am delighting in—so is one man's meat another man's poison.

Scotland at Its Bonniest.

Whether this year all things green seem more than ever beautiful, or whether Scotland does beat her own record I cannot tell; but to me it seems that the North is bonnier than ever. The golf-links are like emerald to look at—so different from the tan-coloured courses over which we played in the South. They are like velvet spread on moss to walk over, and the sea beside them is almost sapphire-blue, with snow-white caps on its summer wavelets. As to the mountains, the heather is out on them and they are a feast of colour near, and a fascinating, ever-changing, soft, rich purple, blue, or deep-grey haze in the distance. However, things like my present surroundings cannot be pictured in words. As I write, sportspeople are arriving in dozens by every train and motoring away to their lodges among the mountains, ready for the glorious Twelfth. How vexed some of them are that Sunday was the 13th I can't express. That men are very much large children is more apparent up here, quite at one with nature, than in the artificial life of cities, where, no doubt, if shooting were possible, it would be regarded as a great bore. That the legislators have to work on still will make some of the big shoots a little late this year. There is a rumour here that the King and Queen of Spain are coming to Langwell on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Their Graces had to be at Welbeck last week for the tenants' cattle and flower show, and the Duke had, of course, to be in his place in the House of Lords; but they are expected here this week, and it is quite possible that King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie will come to beautiful Langwell and enjoy sea and mountain breezes. It would not be their first visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, with whom they stayed at Welbeck, and whom they greatly like.

Low Water.

The fishing community are feeling themselves aggrieved by the fine summer weather; the rivers are so low that the salmon and sea trout are playing about outside in the sea and quite decline to go upstream, instinct telling them that the passage from pool to pool is well-nigh impossible. The summer is not the best time for the rivers in these parts; they are netting them for salmon, and the spring is the season for rods. Nevertheless, after a good rain, we can catch fresh large trout for breakfast, and some of us have hooked, and one has killed a salmon, so there is always a little excitement on the river. There are people wearing linen and muslin frocks, which is not at all usual in the far North. Even these are only seen on the links and by the sea. No one goes on the hills so attired, because the changes of temperature are very sudden, and even for great sun heat, absorbent wear alone is safe. This is easily proved if one sits down in the cool breeze for even a few minutes in a thin cotton gown. It cools much too quickly for comfort, to say nothing of safety.

Comforts for Sun and Breeze.

Much as we love the sunshine and the wind, they do play havoc with our skins. There are, however, things we can do to obviate their effects. Men swear by Vinolia Shaving Powder and Vinolia Shaving Stick, and women love and always use Royal Vinolia Cream. Such things should not be forgotten in Scottish holiday outfits, because, easily as they are obtained in the ordinary way, we don't have shops round the corners in these lodges in the moors and mountains.

Two Autumn Weddings.

There will be at least two big weddings in the autumn—that of Earl Percy and Lady Helen Gordon Lennox, and that of Lord Leconfield and Miss Violet Rawson. Both bridegroom-elect are most eligible. Earl Percy is heir not only to a dukedom but to great wealth. Lord Leconfield has a peerage and, it is said, £90,000 a year—an income which seems to preclude all fear of want. The brides are both tall, both pretty, both connected with great ducal houses. Lady Helen is the daughter of one, and Miss Rawson has a duke for an uncle and a duchess for an aunt. There is to be an autumn session and an autumn Royal Opera season, so we are sure of a gay autumn. Politically, too, it should be lively, for though the Opposition have been defeated, it has been in such a way as really to raise their fighting spirit.

Mr. George Lloyd is hardened. For years, as Unionist M.P., he has suffered the humiliation of confusion with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he has appendicitis condolences go to the Chancellor; when the Chancellor has appendicitis, Mr. Lloyd is inundated with letters of sympathy. Of late, it is only if he goes to his favourite Asia Minor or Little Thibet that mistakes and, worse, jokes are made. Mr. Lloyd has stuck to his George, and established his own identity. But can he ask Miss

Blanche Lascelles, his engagement to whom is now announced, to do the same? Must she too face the intelligent smile that goes round a room when her married name comes to be announced among people bright enough to recognise its likeness to Mr. Lloyd George's? One way of meeting this smile and the remarks that follow it is, Mr. Lloyd finds, to assume an expression of amused surprise, as if he had never before been conscious of the topsy-turvy similarity.



"MARK TWAIN" IN A COW'S MARKINGS: A REMARKABLE NATURAL "PORTRAIT" OF THE HUMOURIST.

Our correspondent writes: "On April 21, 1910, almost at the moment at which Mark Twain died at Hedding, Conn., there was born on the farm of Mr. Walker, near Albertis, Penn., an Alderney-Holstein calf, on whose side there appears a 'profile bust' of the great humourist. The colours of the calf, which is now a cow, are white and dark brown. As the months have passed the Twain 'bust' has become more and more distinct, until to-day it stands out so plainly that the most casual glance shows what it is. Because of the striking resemblance the cow has been called Mark Twain. The white marking is also unique in that it forms an almost perfect map of the United States."—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



WHY NOT IN LONDON ALSO? A SHOWER-BATH FOR HORSES ONLY.

The shower-bath for horses only (recently instituted in New York) is a great relief to the animals. It has been in use all day during the hot weather, and bids fair to become a permanency patronised by many a humane horse-owner.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

"Married When Suited."

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Let it first be said that Mrs. Dudeney is a delightful artist. Each of her stories in this group is—not a gem, for gem is altogether too stony and hard a figure, but a flower, with a flower's own blend of sane, geometric precision and sweet, elusive poetry. She is such an adept at shades that, give her the stage-management of a Punch and Judy show, she would extract from that usually crude marital drama some delicate moments, which we should accept with absolute trust and gratitude. Indeed, her touch with the matrimonial relations generally is a quite masterly one. Though a way of seeing things and a way of saying them links these various tales together they are various in scope and character, and different readers will prefer some before others as a question of taste rather than of merit. The first and last are tragedies of temperament, and if there is a fateful beauty about the first, from the dawn of the May wedding-morning to the climax of the marriage feast, a still deeper note of humanity comes from "The Distaff," as poor, ineffectual Mathew learns that his women-folk, from his mother down, are "Light o' loves, the lot!" Perhaps the most charming to many will be "The Root Book," with its quotations. The writer of the book has a pretty fancy when in love. "Emma was dark and round and blooming; a mellow beauty. Therefore, he considered those warm fruits that you grow with a south aspect, and considered, also, rich dairy pans; the inmost hearts of the reddest roses, the brownest eggs that they bring home in the basket; loaded hay-wains and waving grain, only waiting to be cut. These were the sights and the smells that he knew. She, dark in her yellow frock, recalled to memory his every sweetness." Again, later, "he compared her, as he had done from the first, to mellow-fruit and deep-tinted flowers; to little fluffy broods of golden ducklings; to deep-brown, deliberate bumble-bees; to gaudy hollyhocks and burning larkspur spikes." This is Wiltshire country, just poetised enough to keep its sweetness on a London book-shelf. Mrs. Dudeney's book is redolent of these things—"a hedge which was all one silver wink, since there had been rain in the night," the smell of flowers, of kine, of roots, of meads, "apples and onions and herbs; best Sunday clothing and sticks of spent lavender—all the things that simple women in the country keep; this and the delicate ivory odours of the dairy." Emma had a feeling about the Root Book that parts of it were better than others. The better parts seemed to have been written without care for effect, the others suggested

a reputation and its responsibilities. The difference "was just the difference between hyacinths in a wood and hyacinths in a glass." Mrs. Dudeney manages to suggest hyacinths in a wood; and those of us who know the wood species to be incomparably more difficult of achievement, will say in the end, as at first, that she is indeed a delightful artist.

"The Red Lantern."

By EDITH WHERRY.
(The Bodley Head.)

"Peking! Tarnished and stained old City! Thing of colossal bulwarks, of mammoth towers, of fantastic palaces and temples, of ancient trees and mysterious hidden gardens, of countless little grey huts—all blighted by the dust of two thousand years, scorched by the sun, smitten by the wind and the rain, flagellated by war, corroded, worm-eaten, decayed, falling everywhere into ruin." Against this background of Chinese sorcery ("one has the impression of moving down the streets to the air of a capriccio") Miss Wherry has drawn the eternally dramatic problem of East and West struggling in one personality. Mahlee's father had been an English mandarin, and to him Mahlee's grandmother had sold her mother for seventy taels of silver. Long after Mahlee's last link of relationship had slipped away, in the mission settlement where Christian kindness gave her a home, these two—the unknown father and the almost equally unknown mother, fought a duel within their child. "Her Ancestors—Asiatic and European, from whose loins she had sprung, who had had an equal share in her making. . . . As far as the East is from the West—so they were beckoning her! And the force of their opposing gestures seemed to rend her soul asunder." On the whole, it was the brilliant procession behind her father rather than the immeasurably longer file of countless yellow faces behind her mother that drew her most surely. But love, and love rejected, threw her towards another Eurasian, one Sam Wang. With him the yellow faces were the most insistent. The Sam in him might despise the Wang, but he knew the Wang to be the better man. "Wang," he said, "is the Chinese peasant. . . . In a little adobe hut with earthen floor and smoke-blackened walls he has lived with his wife and his children, his pigs and his asses, since the dawn of history, in a struggle for existence silent but inconceivably intense." Wang embraces the noble purpose of driving the foreign devil out of China. Western training and missionary influence act as whips to his purpose. Mahlee is drawn into the movement and plays a stirring part in the Boxer crisis of 1900. The Eurasian problem is no new one. But seldom has fiction given a picture of Chinese city life so vividly bizarre and yet harmonious in the gorgeous Chinese fashion.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mrs. F. J. Dubosc-Taylor; German Bathers; Famous Shots; Saddle Bullocks; Society Engagements; How Dramatic "Cricket Incidents" are Photographed; "Reno, and the Rush for Divorce"; the Up-to-the-Ankle and the All-Over; Mme. Armène Ohanian; a Real "Kismet"-land; the Garden "Scheherazade,"; "Snowflakes" at the Palace; and Left-handed Golfers.

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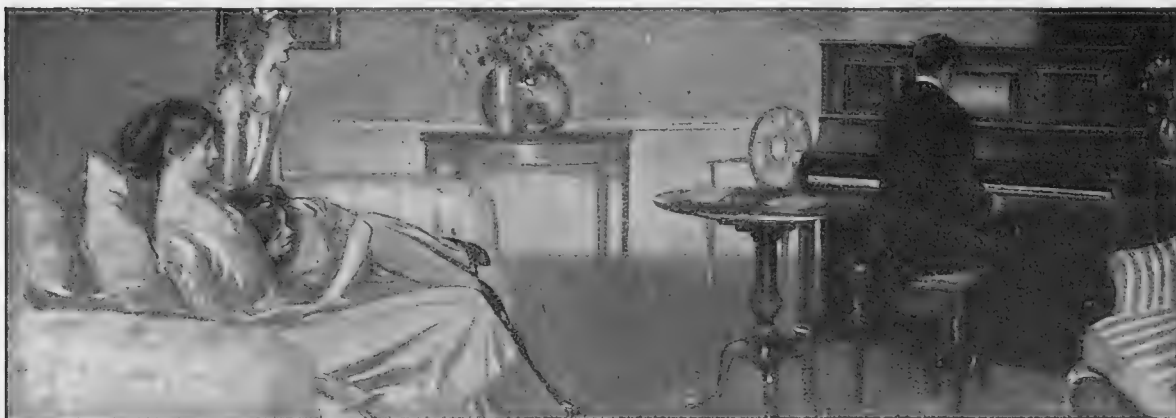
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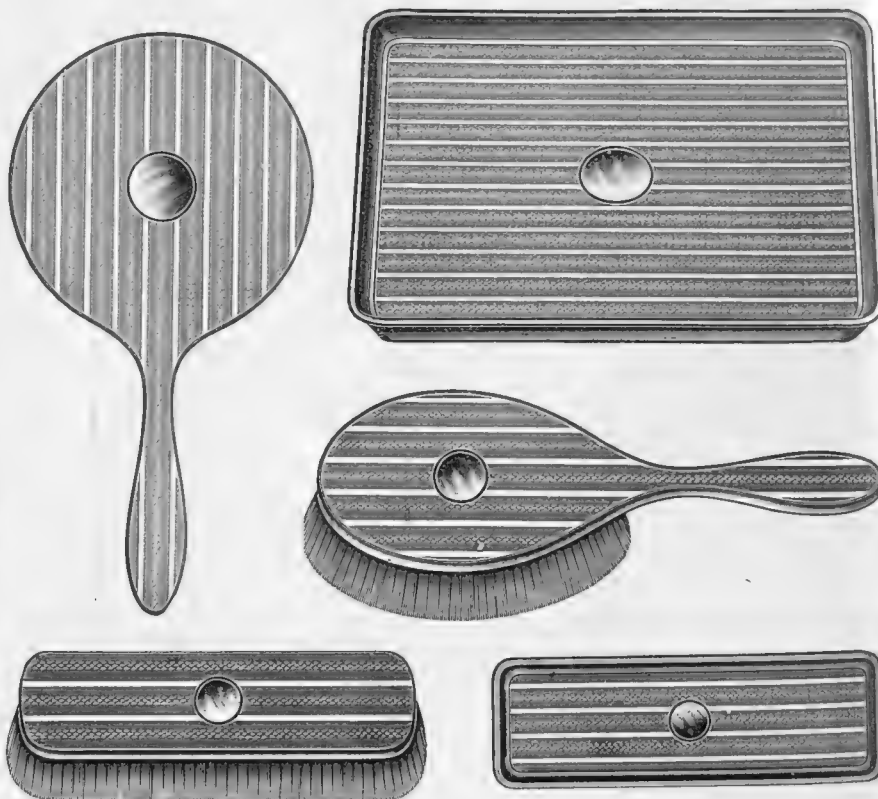
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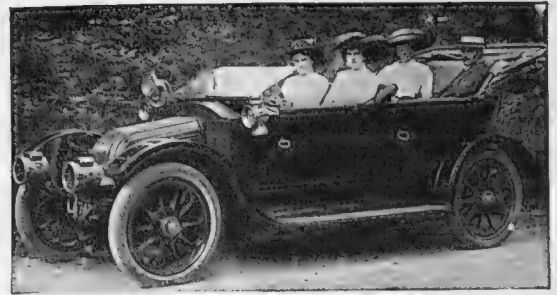
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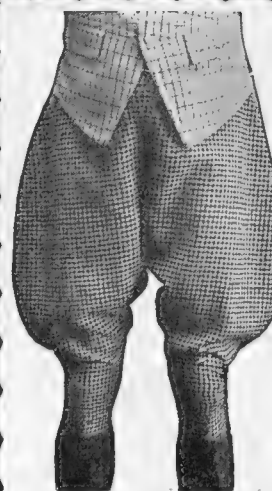
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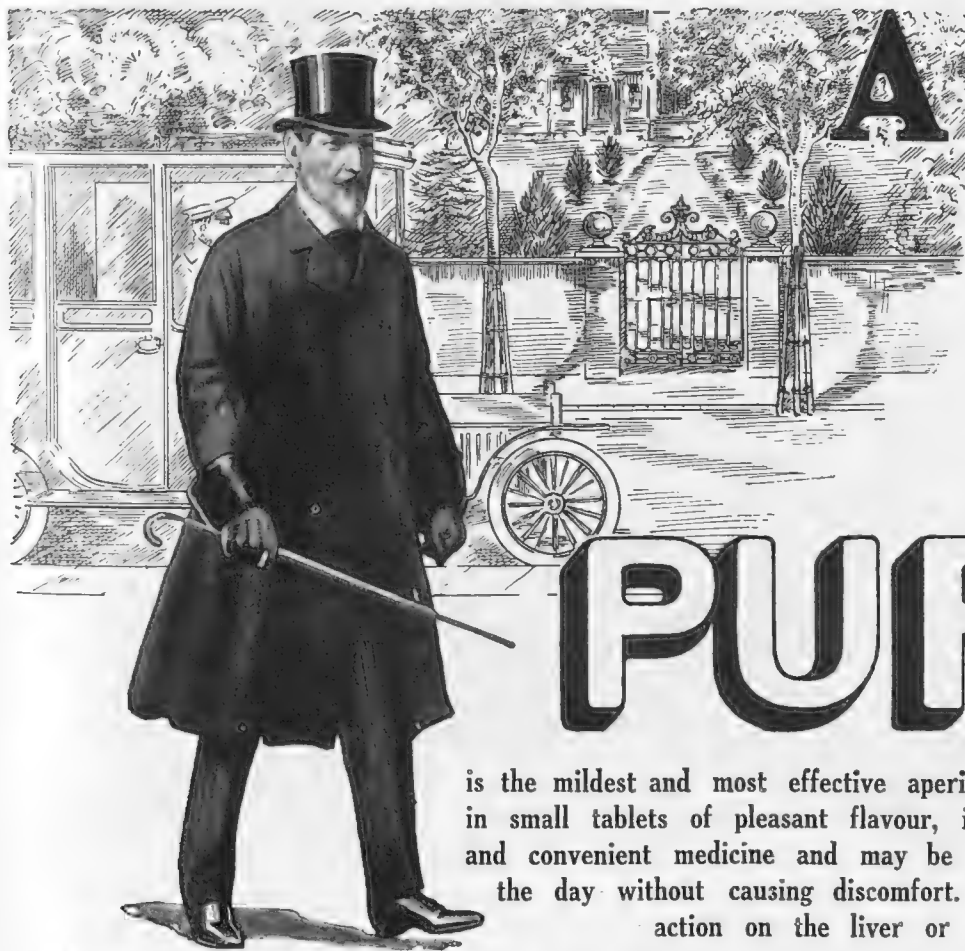
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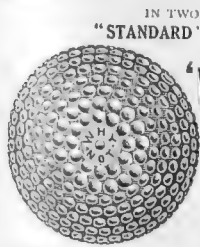
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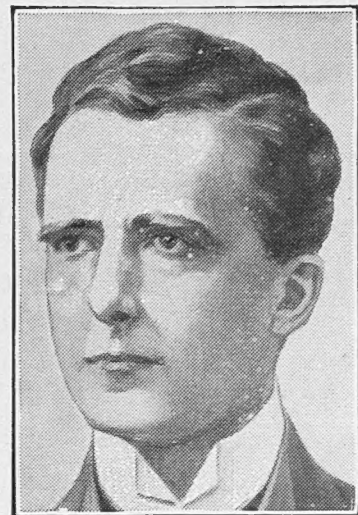
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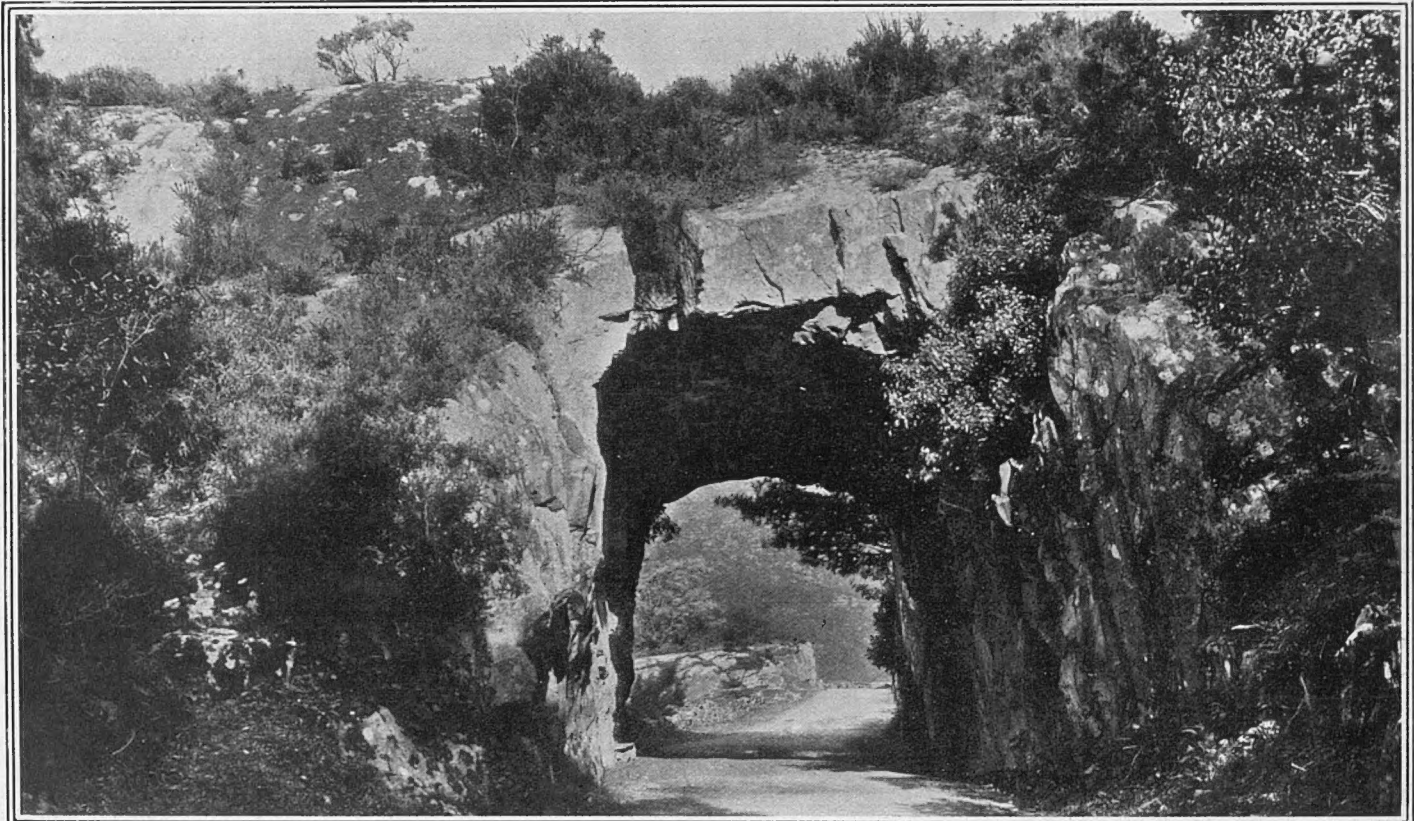
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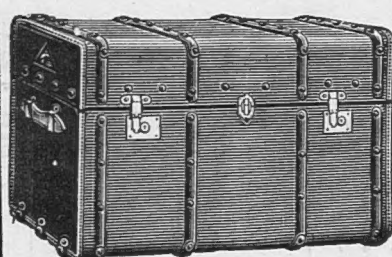
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